

T GAME OF THREMILIA CLARKE IS

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unforgettable







## SPECTRE

007<del>5</del>

IN CINEMAS



JAMES BOND'S CHOICE



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By Mary-Louise Parker

Dear Popeye,

You said you would love me until you were ashes.

You bolted from work that morning and took a cab sixty blocks for a work-ourlights-out festival. You busted in and took me from dreams by throwing your backpack on my floor and then throwing down the gauntlet; I roused and rallied and smiled and you tossed me across the bed -- you could have had me fine in the direction I was facing, but it was a morning that needed a body happily pitched across a duvet with a guttural mm hmm, a morning that begged for bodice ripping and hair pulling and whispering and taking off and taking me away, and just thenwhen I was waking the homeless on the streets with my OH GODS, you slammed into neutral at the end of the in part of the next in and out, you pulled fully out of me and backed off the bed like I was a parking space you were deciding against after several attempts to nail; you stood up so obscenely perfectly stiff and lumbering slightly, no false grace or attempt to indicate to me that: Hey! Woman with your legs as open as the E-ZPass track, I am coming back! No "Hang on one second," no halftime announcements, nothing, and so I was not sure if I should applaud, feel indignant, or just say screw that and start scrapbooking or what; so I stayed splayed and thrown and eventually started to think about maybe going to the gym, or the bodega, maybe today was the day I would learn how to use a Waterpik; at which point I heard, what, you opening my fridge? Looking for something in a drawer? Imodium? Brian's Song? On VHS? But then I heard a pop and a fizz and you appeared again, Renaissance Fair stud, with your cock in one hand, not because it needed reminders but because you wanted it in that hand while the other hand gripped a bottle of Coke Classic, the old-school kind, which--doesn't it? Taste so much better like that?. Held in glass so you can see it as clearly as



yesterday; you were singing "Harmony," I think, by Elton John, or no, "Melissa by the Allman Brothers, and as you approached the bed, you smiled and waved at me like I was across the street and you knew me from church or something, but I was right there and you were right there too and then even more there, inside me, and you had a grip on the headboard, pulling yourself in, another hand holding your Coke so it wouldn't spill because you hadn't taken a sip yet, but you did then, you stopped mid in or out or who remembers, took a long pull on the bottle while your free fingers started at my hair and moved down my frat to my softest, where you were held so completely and you came at me both hard and soft and just when that stopped being strange, your having a bottle at your mouth, you pulled it away from your mouth, my eyes opening then as your hand found my cheek, not gently but not rough, either, and your mouth it was still full but you didn't swallow, you leaned in with lips near to spilling over and I parted my lips because I knew to and I like to obey when I can decode the command and you put your two lips on my two and opened your mouth, the Coke still cold and pepper sweet as you so slowly, like a faucet just left on by accident, you on purpose let it in my mouth and said

#### I thought you might be thirsty, baby

and I said oooooooooohhhhhhhhhhh, oh yeah.

And it was loud, the next part, very loud, and we took it very seriously, and then it was quiet and there was some near-sleep and when I curled into the great wall of you, which was still not ordinary, still fragrant with your new exotic familiarity, I said a bold thing, which a girl who doesn't speak much can sometimes pull off, but I wasn't pulling this time, I wanted to say it, I said, "I feel full. I feel, if we were forever poor, and had to live with so little, you know, really poor, and this was the best thing we got, I would be all right with that," and you said

#### but we're all poor people. this is the best we get

Today I heard your voice. Years after losing each other, you've managed to hold to loving me still, in the way you can when you know you both tried.

I remember when you went off to trek the Pyrenees, you brought me flowers you picked from the top of a mountain there, carried them back in a tiny woven basket that I saved to this day, even though the flowers are dust. I wrote about us while you were away in a notebook that eventually saw the end of us, but the last I wrote about that time was in ink; it was a hurried, angry scrawl reading: Time, that cold bastard, with its nearlys and untils. I think, what a shame. Time should weep for having spent me without you.

Mary-Louise Parker is the author of a new book, <u>Dear Mr. You</u>, from which this essay is taken.



EMPORIO ARMANI







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ON THE COVER: EMILIA CLARKE PHOTOGRAPHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR ESQUIRE BY VINCENT PETERS. NECKLACE BY MONICA VINADER; BRACELET BY BULGARI; RING BY CHANEL FINE JEWELRY. PRODUCED BY CREATIVE BLOOD. STYLING BY SAM RANGER FOR SERLIN ASSOCIATES. HAIR BY JON CHAPMAN FOR CAROL HAYES MANAGEMENT. MAKEUP BY KAY MONTANO FOR D + V MANAGEMENT. MANICURE BY JENNI DRAPER FOR PREMIER. SET DESIGN BY JACKI CASTELLI FOR LA LA LAND.

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# **HEY. LOOKY HERE!**

Remember that time-it was about a month ago-when we mentioned that we were gonna put every single Esquire onto the Interwebs? A thousand issues (a thousand and one, counting this issue in your hands), and God knows how many words, images, and ill-advised jokes, all in one digitized space? Well, damn, we actually did it! And you can get there two ways: Go to classic.esquire.com. (Easy enough.) Or use this other thing we did: Shazam this magazine. Just pull out your phone, bring up your Shazam app, hit the little camera icon, and point the viewfinder at this blue box. If you do that right now on this page, it'll take you to classic.esquire.com, where you can subscribe (for cheap) and read every Esquire ever. But you can also do it on other pages of this magazine, wherever you see the Shazam logo, for other extras. Keep an eye out.

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## THE BEST Vatches

And the science of buying them.

### Esquire

JACK ESSIG, SENIOR VICE-PRESIDENT, PUBLISHING DIRECTOR & CHIEF REVENUE OFFICER: MARCIA KLINE, ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER/ADVERTISING; JILL MEENAGHAN, ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER/GOVERTISING; JILL MEENAGHAN, ASSOCIATE; MARKETING, DIGITAL; CARYN KESLER, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR OF SPIRITS AND ENTERTAINMENT; MARK FIKANY, INTEGRATED AUTOMOTIVE DIRECTOR; DREW W. OSINSKI, DIGITAL SALES DIRECTOR, BRETT FICKLER, DIGITAL SALES MANAGER, PACIFIC NORTHWEST, ANDREA WIENER, ATHENA MEDIA PARTNERS, ALISE SENGENGON, SOUTHERST (EXCEPT FLORIDA), MANDEL MEDIA GROUP, 404-255-3800; DAVIDA SENGENGON, SOUTHERST (EXCEPT FLORIDA), MANDEL MEDIA GROUP, 404-255-3800; DAVIDA SENGENGON, SOUTHERST (EXCEPT FLORIDA), MANDEL MEDIA GROUP, 404-255-3800; DAVIDA SENGENGON, SOUTHERST (EXCEPT FLORIDA), MANDEL MEDIA GROUP, 404-255-3800; DAVIDA SENGENGON, SOUTHERST (EXCEPT FLORIDA), MANDEL MEDIA GROUP, 404-255-3800; DAVIDA SENGENGON, SOUTHERST (EXCEPTIVE DIRECTOR), AND COMPANY, 214-256-3800; DAVIDA SENGENGON, SOUTHERST (EXCEPTIVE DIRECTOR, AND COMPANY, 214-256-3800; DAVIDA SENGENGON, AND AND SENGENGON, AND COMPANY, 214-256-3800; DAVIDA SENGENGON, SOUTHERS, AND COMPANY, 214-28-43-38-80. KARTINA SOFIA YAP, ASSISTANT TO THE PUBLISHER; GROUP DIA GROUP SENGENGON, AND COMPANY, 214-28-43-38-80. KARTINA SOFIA YAP, ASSISTANT TO THE PUBLISHER. CHART SONG SENGENGON, AND COMPANY, 214-28-24-29-24-28-24-28-24-28-24-28-24-28-24-2



# Okay. Donald Trump story.

**For reasons that** are too insignificant to get into, I used to see Donald occasionally. We played some golf.

Anyway, a couple years ago, maybe a little longer, I was in Chicago with Esquire's publisher, Jack Essig, when my assistant called to say that Mr. Trump must speak with me. We set a time for the next morning, and at the appointed hour, the phone rang and it was his assistant. And then it was Donald. The conversation began as every phone conversation with him begins: "David: Donald." He was calling about some disparaging remarks that had been made about him on Esquire.com.

And here—in a rough transcript that I started typing while I was on the phone with him—is how a conversation with Donald Trump goes:

"David: Donald.

David, you're killing me. My wife—you know, she loves the Internet—my wife calls me and tells me that Esquire has just destroyed me, and immediately I wonder if my friend David Granger is still there. He can't be there. He would never do this to me. I'm telling you, it was vicious. It was vicious. And it was wrong. So much of it was just factually incorrect. And so I thought to myself, There is no way that David Granger could still be at Esquire.

How is your golf game? You're a good golfer. I remember from when we played that you are a good golfer. Did I ever tell you—and nobody knows this—that I have won eighteen club championships? *Eighteen* club championships. I never tell anybody that. It's because of my short game.



I can putt. I'm a strong putter, which is probably *why* I'm a strong putter: I *think* I'm a strong putter. You've seen me putt. I'm a strong putter.

You still have that hitch? I remember that hitch in your swing you had those times we played. I'm telling you, you have to lead with your hips. Don't swing with your hands. Look at Ben Hogan and how he would tie a rubber band from his hips to his wrists and only swing with his hips. I guarantee you are swinging with your hands. Swing with your hips.

And you must get new equipment. The equipment today is incredible. If they take away the new equipment, as they are threatening to do—if suddenly the ball goes twenty yards shorter—I'm telling you, I'll quit. I'm serious. I will simply quit.

But you're killing me. I said to myself, David Granger is a good guy. I wonder if he is still at Esquire. Because if he was still at Esquire, he would never have allowed such a thing to be written about me. It was vicious. And also incorrect.

Write a good piece about me. I'll do anything for you. Do a good piece with me. That cover we did was the best-selling cover ever in the history of Esquire, I understand.\* I'll do anything for you. Come back to me with an idea. I'll tell you what: We can do an article about golf. I'll help you with your hitch. I'll fix your golf game. My handicap is down to a 1 now. Did I tell you that? I keep getting older and I keep getting better. Let's do a good story together. I'm very popular and people hate this negative crap. They want positive. I'm very popular. Let's do something. Just let me know. You have my number."

\*This is not accurate.

DAVID GRANGER

**EDITOR IN CHIEF** 

#### COMING IN DECEMBER

#### **ON NEWSSTANDS NOVEMBER 24**

> We're going to celebrate the holidays with Mr. Jimmy Fallon.
> Have you heard about this new movie coming out? Star Wars... something or other? Has potential, so Mike Sager spent some time with this Abrams guy.

 The funnest dinner party of the year.
 And we may have a modest idea or two on the future of America.

ESQUITE ARNOLD GINGRICH (1903-1976) FOUNDING EDITOR

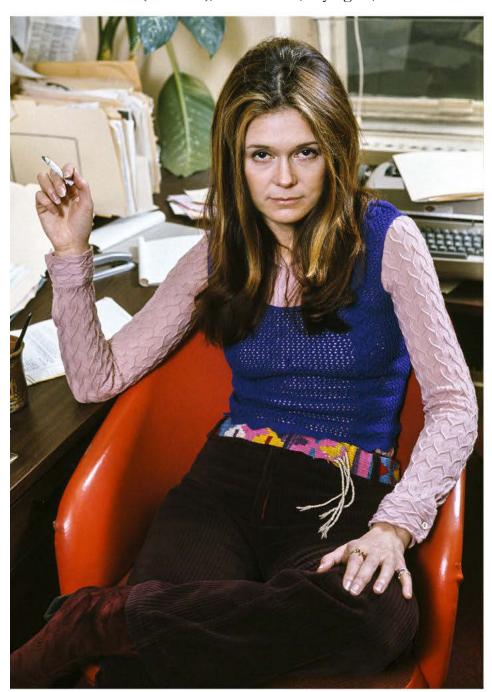




### Man at His Best

# The ESQ&A

**GLORIA STEINEM** talks to **SCOTT RAAB** about her new book, feminism's third wave, Bill Gates (not a fan), North Korea, saying no, and how a movement thrives



Early afternoon, Steinem's apartment in Manhattan. After some small talk about aging, India, and the media's appetite for bullshit...

**SCOTT RAAB:** In the piece you wrote for Esquire ["The Moral Disarmament of Betty Coed"] in 1962, there's the idea that the problem isn't so much the sexual liberation of women as a result of contraceptive technology but that there are so few liberated men. And you weren't wrong. GLORIA STEINEM: I wouldn't put it that way anymore, because I think we're all enmeshed in this political system that is devoted to controlling reproduction. You didn't invent it; I didn't invent it. Thirty percent of us are trying to preserve it, and 70 percent are trying to change it. We're not active enough or voting enough or mad enough. SR: I think it all comes down to the fear of the other. Racism. Sexism. GS: I don't believe it!

SR: I'm so glad.
GS: The original languages didn't even have he and she. They didn't have concepts of masculine and feminine.
People were people. And the whole idea was that we were in a circle together, not in a hierarchy together.

**SR:** Your hopefulness is heartening.

**GS:** I'm a hopeaholic.

**SR:** Hope isn't really one of the words I know.

**GS:** If you don't have hope, you're not gonna try.

A lot of the hope and the anger we can use for activism. We make it harder to combine those two things than any other democracy on earth. We don't have parental leave. We behave as if people are not parents!

CONTINUED

#### INSIDE MAHB

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#### **MaHB**

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SR: For many people in this country, there aren't any options. Without parental leave, without some governmentsubsidized childcare, there is no choice.

GS: There really isn't for us, either.

SR: This is the part of the Darwinist nature of capitalism that continues to drive me wild.

GS: I'm not gonna give capitalism Darwin. You can give capitalism Darwin.

SR: Are you hopeful about Hillary?

GS: She has a lot of guts. **SR:** It's gonna get ugly.

GS: I think we should make buttons that say "Snow White and the 19 Dwarves." How

many Republicans are there? SR: It's an insult to little people. GS: It's a good point. Trump is awful, really awful. As they say, he was born on third base and thinks he hit a home run. I mean, his father was enormously wealthy, right? If you or I had made him up, they would just tie us from the

tallest tree.

I met Ivana, his ex-wife, twice-once at a ski resort. She was complaining because she had spent years, apparently, not skiing, until he learned to ski, because she knew that if she could ski very well and he couldn't, it would be death, right? So she waited years, and she finally thought it was okay for her to ski, which she loves, and he was still mad that



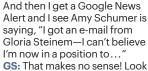
Steinem with the Ms. magazine staff just before its first issue hit newsstands in 1972; in Washington, D.C., with the January 1978 cover. Below: In 2011.

she skied too well. So I think there's a person there! And I was going to write her and say, "If you would like to stand up for all of us, I'll stand beside you."

SR: Did you write her? GS: After she reneged on her rape accusation, I thought maybe it was hopeless. I think maybe a large group of men should get together and sue Trump for libeling the species....

You wanna take your jacket off? Is it warm in here? SR: I get nervous for these things, and especially if I'm meeting someone who's iconic.

GS: I'm not iconic. It's just me. SR: There is an incredible amount of material on you.



at everything she's done! SR: I think it would be intolera-

ble to feel like an icon. There's almost something not human about it.

GS: Well, my hope is that if we sat down like you and I, Amy and I would be okay. Icon just calls out for iconoclast. It's one of the dangers of the media, because I also feel that the people I see in the media are sometimes more real than I am, which is utter bullshit. SR: I was at the Esquire offices

today, and one of the younger editors, a woman, was talking about the third wave of feminism. Is there an identifiable movement at this point? GS: Oh, yeah!

SR: I'm really not aware. GS: It's just bigger and more diverse. We used to be more like 12 crazy people, so it was

easier to identify us. SR: Don't people need a particular figure of inspiration? GS: A movement happens when people are inspired by somebody, but they do it themselves. You don't wait for someone else. You do it yourself. I think we just need each other's company and support. I don't think we need one person. We need a cell. There's always a certain number of people who are thinking the same thing you are, so it kind of coalesces. And they can't fire me! So this is a good thing. Movements need a certain number of people who can't be fired.

**SR:** Have you ever had a boss? GS: No. Even working two days a week to do a regional edition of Ladies' Home Journalthey asked me to be in the office two days a week and I quit. I couldn't, I'm not proud of that. mind you. It was unreasonable. But I couldn't do it.

SR: What's a typical workday for you?

GS: I'm busy fundraising for two new things, one of which is the Rutgers chair [being established in her name]; the other is the Gloria & Wilma School for Organizers at Smith. We've had one meeting and we've raised a fair amount of beginning money, but it's just beginning.

SR: Is it hard to raise funds? GS: It's always hard. But it keeps you more honest than Bill Gates.

SR: You're referring to his foundation? They seem to be doing great work.

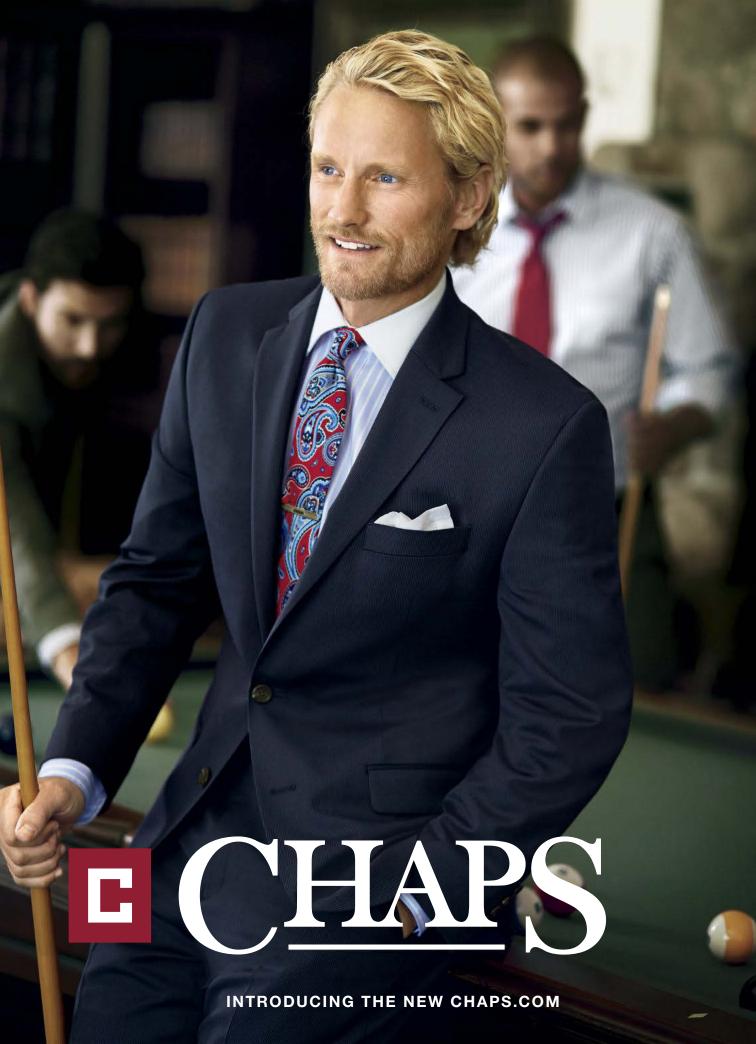
GS: Well, you can figure out curing malaria and doing vaccinations from above, but I don't think you can do much else from above, and he and his foundation try to.

SR: Do you mean it's not enough to write a check? GS: He thinks he has the solution and he imposes the solution. I don't know this man, but I'm just looking at the effect of his foundation. For instance, in Africa, to deal with malaria, one of the projects subsidized millions of mosquito nets. First of all, people get malaria during the daytime as well as at night. And for various reasons they just became a joke. There were just all these mosquito nets, so people started using them to fish. And they're too fine and they brought in too much fish. They were a disaster. In India, there was a worse disaster, because the Gates

CONTINUED







#### CONTINUED

Foundation decided that to deal with AIDS—which in their estimation was going to be a problem in India as in Africa. which actually it didn't become, but nonetheless, you can forgive that because it's a good motive—condoms were the answer, so they spent \$300 million on programs financing condoms for brothels and, you know, Sonagachi, which is the biggest brothel in the world, in Calcutta. There's no evidence that women have the power to make men use condoms.

**SR:** I'd say quite the contrary. GS: And the guys who are the brothel owners and the traffickers were, at a minimum, saving money by not having to buy condoms. I know a lot of people who've gone to work for the foundation and left in despair. Somebody needs to write a really good journalistic book about what's good and not good about the Gates Foundation.

SR: I hope you don't mind me reading something to you that vou wrote in vour new book. GS: As long as it doesn't make me feel like I should get my pencil out and rewrite it. **SR:** This is about your father: "He listened to all my complaints about not going to school, like other kids, yet years after his death, I



Steinem being arrested at an antiapartheid protest in Washington in 1984

realized that I'd also been spared the Dick and Jane limitations that school then put on girls. Nor was he around when I finally understood that having a loving and nurturing father had made a lifetime of difference. Only after I saw women who were attracted to distant, condescending, even violent men, did I begin to understand that having a distant, condescending, even violent father could have made those qualities feel inevitable, even feel like home. Because of my father, kind men felt like home."

It's wonderful to have felt loved that way.

GS: I'm enormously grateful for that, because I see so many terrific women who didn't have that good luck and are struggling to get out of it. If you haven't been abused, you keep your instincts. I remember sitting on a couch with a guy. We were waiting for somebody else to come into this office, and he took hold of my hands at the wrist, so I couldn't move my hands, and reached over to kiss me. And I bit him on the cheek! I did not think about it. It's just an instinct. Like a cat.

SR: Feral!

GS: Blood was pouring. **SR:** This was a colleague? GS: He was a writer, but not a colleague. We all have good instincts unless they're beaten out of us or shamed out of us

in childhood. I didn't know I was gonna do that! I had no intention of doing that. It's just self-defense. I wouldn't have done that if I had grown up in a different family. I would have learned that it was hopeless to fight back. I really feel lucky. I think if we could raise one generation of kids without violence and shaming, we don't know what might be possible. SR: Do you feel a perceptible waning of energy or slowina down?

GS: No, energy is still there. I'm traveling and everything. Memory, though, for proper nouns is kind of scary. Google should appeal to old people everywhere.

**SR:** Do you have hobbies? GS: If you love your work. I'm not sure you have hobbies. I try to say no to things that other people could do and only say yes to things that only I could do. I'm not good at it.

SR: It seems like you don't say no a lot. You still speak and travel frequently.

GS: I try to ask myself the question Could somebody else do it? and ask them instead, you know, but I get seduced by what might be had.

SR: You went to North Korea in May. How was it?

GS: It's such an authoritarian country. It reminded me of domestic violence. It's like a family with a dictatorial, sadistic head of household who controls everything.

Our point was really to publicize the DMZ, because generations have grown up thinking it's permanent. It's the last remnant of World War II. The last division. And we made that division. Everyone wants reunification, it's just that the cultures are now so hugely different, and of course North Korea has nuclear weapons. We went to Washington and did a briefing for members of Congress. We got a lot of criticism, too, because we were viewed as excusing North Korea by having contact with North Korea.

SR: This is a peculiarly American construct.

GS: Some of it is like Joe McCarthy. We did get a lot of criticism, even though we went to endless lengths not to see any officials, much less play basketball with Kim Jong-un. Remember Dennis Rodman?

SR: There is the case of someone being used. GS: I'm willing to give him credit. Maybe he thought that contact would be positive. 18

#### THE ESQUIRE DOSSIER **GLORIA STEINEM**

Date of birth: March 25 1934

Which makes her: 81 And she has: "Every intention of living to be 100."

Hometown: Toledo **Evidence of home**town pride: "You can definitely sneer at Toledo. Alma mater: Smith

College Known for: Presiding over the second-wave feminist movement.

Which involved, among other things: Going toe-to-toe

with nemesis Phyllis Schlafly in support of the Equal Rights Amendment; speaking out about her abortion at the age of 22; writ-

ing "After Black Power, Women's Liberation"

Famous third-wave fans: Lena Dunham. Ariana Grande, Amy Schumer

Early career catalyst: The exposé she published in Show magazine in 1963 about her undercover stint as a Playboy Bunny.

Whose ethnographic findings included: An exhaustive catalog of materials used to stuff Bunny chests (plastic dry-cleaner bags, cut-up Bunny tails); a roundup of customer pickup lines ("If you're my Bunny, can I take you home with me?"); a comparison of paychecks, real (\$35.90\$200) and promised (\$200-\$300).

Most memorable Esquire appearance to date: Her October 1964 profile of postassassination Jackie, Mrs. Kennedy at the Moment.

And one she'd rather forget: Leonard Levitt's October 1971

hit piece, "She," which implied that her motivations and methods as an activist were less than pure.

About which she says, graciously: "I do not blame this on Esquire, except the editor. Silver lining: "The Esquire article made me cry.... I realized

as a journalist that

there really was nothing for women to read that was controlled by women, and this caused me, along with a number of other women, to start Ms. magazine."

A publication that faced skeptics like:

News anchor Harry Reasoner, who said. 'I'll give it six months before they run out of things to say.

But has been finding things to say: For 43 vears.

Number of books to her name: Seven Going on: Eight, with the publication of her travel memoir, My Life on the Road, on October 27.



To read "Mrs. Kennedy at the Moment," Shazam the Esquire Dossier.



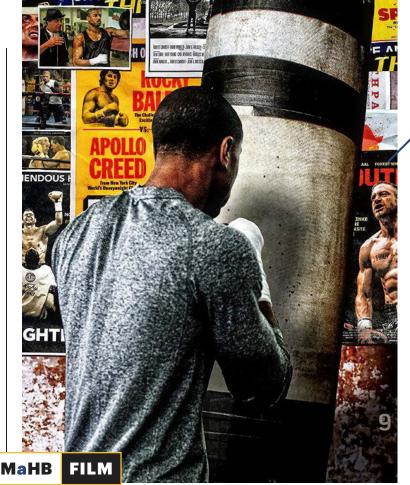
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#### SEVERAL DAYS' WALK FROM ANY TRACE OF MANKIND

Suffused with the pioneering spirit of the far North and the epic journeys of sled dogs across the frozen expanse of the Arctic, the TUDOR Heritage Ranger is the reinterpretation of a classic, a fusion of sophistication with the demands of an untamed environment. The epitome of functionality, its bund strap, satin-smooth finish and understated dial are just some of the features through which the modern city dweller can glimpse a mythical bygone world. And hear the call of the wild.

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Creed's
Adonis Johnson
(Michael B.
Jordan): a fictional
boxer for the
other half of
the other half.

# Where's Black Rocky?

Boxing is a sport filled with nonwhite stars. So why aren't there any in boxing movies?

By GREG HOWARD

get to play the hero in boxing films. And so *Creed*, the seventh *Rocky* installment, due November 25, represents a real opportunity. The film was written and directed by Ryan Coogler, the architect behind *Fruitvale Station*, a movie about a young black man who was shot in the back by a public-transit police officer. If a film about race can be told through boxing with any nuance, Coogler is the guy to do it.

Creed, which was not being screened for journalists when this issue went to press, centers on Adonis Johnson (Michael B. Jordan, who starred in Fruitvale Station). He's the son of Apollo Creed, who, if you remember 30 years back to Rocky IV, was killed in the ring by Russian giant Ivan Drago. Creed was modeled after Muhammad Ali, and like Ali, he was brash, quick, strong, and supremely talented. But the character was written with one more virtue that we seldom see in the foes of boxing movies' heroes: honor. Rocky is the first and best of the franchise, and when Creed bests Rocky at the end, it feels deserved, not just because he is the better fighter but also because he's a good person. Later, he and Rocky even become friends.

So in Creed, you just know Adonis has it in him to be a champion,

that there's a good person underneath the pathologies that plague so many young black film characters, and that once he discovers those, he'll win at the end and it'll feel deserved. *Creed*, then, is about a boy's journey to manhood; Adonis's journey takes him to find his daddy's old friend. Rocky's a sensei figure now, and his job is to pass on virtues that he learned through his own blood and sweat. Even here, in this *Rocky* movie that isn't a *Rocky* movie, Rocky's the hero. Through Rocky's altruism, Adonis becomes a man and a better fighter while also becoming a supporting character in his own story.

Here is the real story of boxing: All you need are gloves, a teacher with time on his hands, and the desire and capacity to act through debilitating pain. Because it's cheap and those who are poor know pain, boxing is a poor man's sport. Because there are poor people in every country, boxing is an international sport. Its low barrier to entry and wide net help explain why there isn't a single white American champion in the heavyweight or light-heavyweight classes of any of the top four boxing organizations. There hasn't been one this century.

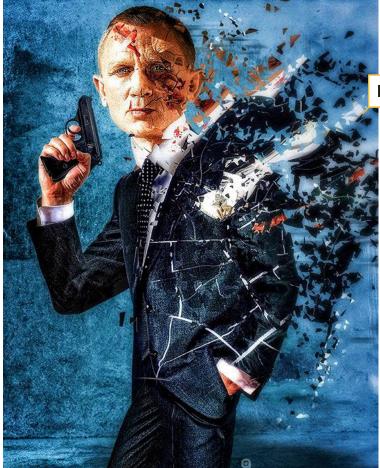
This isn't a problem in boxing so much as it is one in boxing films. In these movies, a good-looking-enough, down-on-his-luck white dude who can box a little bit is threatened by the presence of an arrogant, vastly superior athlete, does some soul-searching, hits some pads, and then beats—or at least acquits himself against—the better boxer. What these films do is inject the fallacy of morality into a sport in which

Floyd Mayweather Jr. made \$285 million in winnings in the last year, and foster the idea that success correlates with purity of soul.

Boxing movies are beloved and lucrative because they promote the goodness and the indomitability of the white American male spirit through the physical dismantling of other men. They proffer the theory that black athletes reach their station by superior and, more important, *natural* athleticism, while white athletes work their way to theirs through effort, dedication, and will. It's a myth that concludes that white athletes earn their success while blacks merely hit the lottery. This intertwining of race and morality in sport explains how *Southpaw*, *The Fighter*, and six *Rocky* movies exist in a world devoid of any actual Rockys.

Creed is a story about a black fighter triumphing by becoming more like a white one. Rocky himself is based on Chuck Wepner, a blue-collar journeyman best known for once felling Ali in a fight. The legend knocked Wepner out, but it was still seen as a moral victory complete enough to spawn one of the most successful franchises of all time. Wepner never fought Ali again. In Rocky II, however, Rocky gets his rematch with Creed. At the end of the fight, Rocky connects with a left. Both men fall to the mat; Creed doesn't get up. Even against one of the good ones, the strength of the white American male spirit eventually wins out. 12





# The Best Bond Ever: A Eulogy

**Stephen Marche** says goodbye to the character Daniel Craig redeemed

Like many enduring creations of collective consciousness—Stone Age cave paintings or medieval cathedrals or the iPhone—the character of James Bond is the work of lots of hands. Under the guidance of nearly a hundred writers and directors and half a dozen actors of all appearances and levels of skill, Bond has taken 50 years to develop and lives as an amalgam of memory as much as a figure onscreen. Seeing him in SPECTRE (out November 6) is like having a reunion with a favorite grizzled uncle, an opportunity to once again face the question he has always posed: Whom do men want to be now? SPECTRE will almost certainly be the last time the question is answered by Daniel Craig, the man who has done more than anyone else to redeem the exhausted and often disgraceful figment of male fantasy we have given the name James Bond.

Bond was born not out of luxury but out of privation. Ian Fleming wrote him into existence in the England of the early 1950s,

MaHB FILM

when war rationing had not yet ended and the British Empire was drifting into the complacent irrelevance it currently enjoys. Stories of a British spy became massively popular at the exact moment British spies no longer mattered. Accompanying the fantasy of power was a fantasy of permission—the license to kill—and an equally essential fantasy of consumption. Bond ate luxurious meals when his audiences could not. He smoked 60 custom-made cigarettes a day. He gambled. He traveled. He spent as much money as he could. The qualification for playing James Bond is to be the man of your generation who looks best in a Savile Row suit.

Bond is not just a character; he's also an adjective: Bond cars, Bond gear, Bond songs, Bond villains, Bond girls. The series' continuity, which makes it so easy to parody, is its chief selling point. The gadgets may change, but the love of gadgets is forever. All Bond villains serve the same function. The threat of global nuclear war, terrorism, technological change, even media conglomerates-in Bond films it turns out that they're all just guys with funny hair and slightly effeminate mannerisms. The Bond girls are the most distinctive feature of the franchise, of course-beautiful women with silly names (Honey Ryder, Sylvia Trench, Pussy Galore, Thumper, Mary Goodnight, Chew Mee, Holly Goodhead, Xenia Onatopp, Dr. Molly Warmflash, and my personal favorite, Kissy Suzuki). The best Bond movies-Goldfinger, From Russia with Love, and Casino Royale constitute a separate category—have the most complex, most assertive, most interesting

women in them. But the overwhelming majority of the films have been too lazy for female characters who are not simply consumer products like the others. Interesting women are too unpredictable, and Bond sells predictability.

Change is inevitable, however, even in Bond movies, and the series, against its will, reflects history. Each Bond is an argument concerning how men felt about the masculine ideals of their period. In the early '60s, before and during the sexual revolution, Sean Connery exuded the supreme confidence of a man who has never questioned, nor been questioned about, his sense of his own manhood. Through the Roger Moore years, the '70s and '80s, Bond devolved into a relic of British gentility and louche nightclub sexuality until the movies veered dangerously close to being parodies of themselves, and sometimes crossed over—in *Octopussy*, 007 literally saves the world as a faded clown in a circus. Many years of confusion followed, during which Bond was little more than a branding opportunity, fulfilling,



#### THE BOND GIRL NAME GENERATOR

[reproductive-organ euphemism] x [abundance] = Pussy Galore, Plenty O'Toole, Octopussy [bifurcated description of a distress signal] = May Day, Wai Lin [great-aunt's name] = Nancy

[normal woman's name] + [postcoital tidings] = Mary Goodnight, Holly Goodhead

ALWAYS SAY YES. OTHERWISE
YOU WILL LEAD A VERY DULL LIFE.

San Heming

IAN FLEMING, CREATOR, JAMES BOND NOVELS



SPECTRE

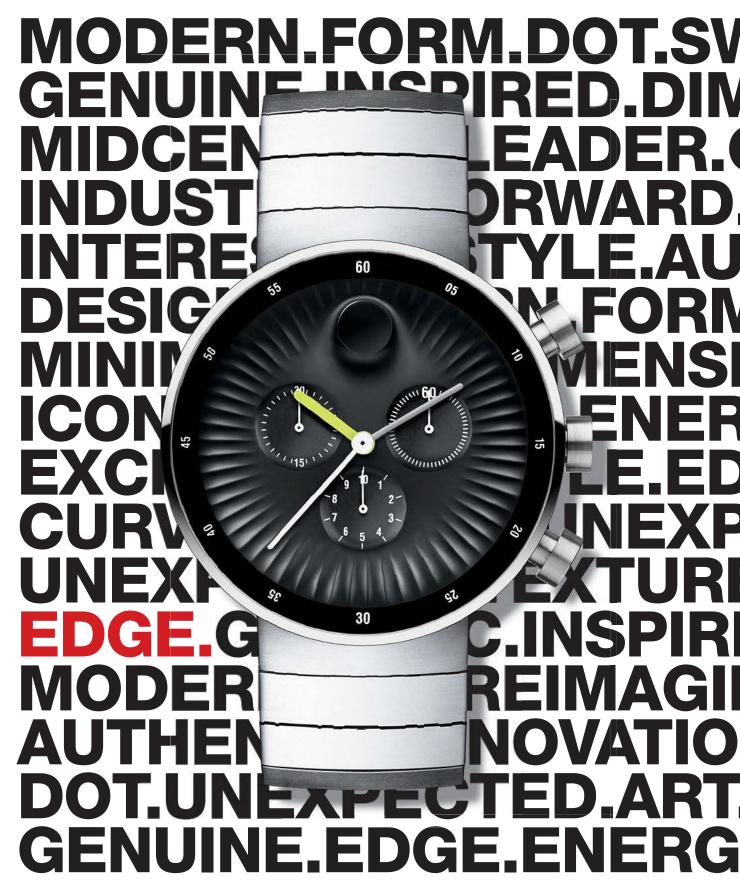
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#### CONTINUED

halfheartedly, a tired contract with fans: the woman in a bikini who utters "James" meltingly, the threat to the world, the capture, the improbable escape, "shaken, not stirred" as a joke somewhere in there. The portrait of male fantasy by way of James Bond was not flattering to men: a sometimes stupid, sometimes violent pompous joke addicted to cheap puns, executive toys, and vacuous women.

Then came Daniel Craig. He kept all the Bond clichés in place while utterly reinventing all of them; he played Bond as a real character rather than as a cipher for adventure. He refused to take the man as a joke but was willing to laugh at him nonetheless; he helped create a kinder, more thoughtful Bond, who listens when women speak, but also a more dangerous and more selfish Bond, who knows he prefers adultery to sex with available women. You can sense the desperation in this 007. Selfconsciously traditional, he believes in the decrepit loyalties to Britain but at the same time feels betrayed by his country and its institutions. In short, Craig is the PTSD Bond. He is the Bond for an era in which a million and a half American men and women, and a significant number of British and Canadian and Australian men and women, have been fighting actual shadow wars against actual madmen with actual dreams of global domination, and have drifted home from their encounters in various states of brokenness.

The fantasy of the Craig Bond is the existence of a real person behind the cloak of heroism-he is the Bond who has been willing to show his suffering and failure. Craig comes the closest, of all the film versions, to the Bond in the books-a character who emerged from deprivation and the enduring sacrifices of war. He has perfectly represented the past decade and the original story simultaneously. If he's not the greatest Bond, it's only because he wasn't the first.

The question "Who will be the next Bond?" is more than just Hollywood gossip or standard pop-culture speculation. It is the question of what is missing from the lives of men and who best fills the void. Bond has been a figure of confidence for an age of anxiety, a figure of glamour for an age of plastic, a figure of redemption for an age of degradation, a reliable man for unreliable times. Only one thing is certain about the Bond who comes next: We will need him, no matter whom he turns out to be. 12

**MaHB** 

# Things You Should Know About

A primer for cultural literacy

#### THE CIRCLE OF SELF-**AWARENESS**

WHERE ARE THIS MONTH'S CULTURAL TROPES IN THEIR LIFE CYCLES?

#### Learning from the past

Planet Earth descendant Earth's Natural Wonders (premieres on PBS 11/4), a luscious stoner-bait exploration of "the most amazing places on our planet."

#### Nostalgia

Goosebumps (in theaters now), Jem and the Holograms (in theaters 10/23), and The Peanuts Movie (in theaters 11/6), film adaptations of discontinued properties from the '90s, '80s, and '50s, respectively.

#### The present is now

Drama I Smile Back (in theaters 10/23), in which Sarah Silverman follows comedians like Jim Carrey and Adam Sandler in seeking critical validation through a role as an uncharismatic depressive.

#### THE VAGUELY **RECOGNIZABLE WOMAN**

**MATCH EACH WOMAN BELOW** TO HER NAME AND PROJECT



#### **KETHER** DONOHUE,

from FXX's dysfunctional romantic comedy You're the Worst (Wednesdays at 10:30 p.m.)

JILLIAN BELL, who stars opposite Seth Rogen in druggie holiday comedy The Night Before (in

theaters 11/25), and in Goosebumps

MERRITT WEVER. who plays Safe-Zone physician Denise Cloyd on AMC's The Walking Dead (Sundavs at 9:00 p.m.)

UNNAMED **STOCK-PHOTO** YOGURT MODEL

**PN2MER KEY:** DONOHUE, 3; BELL, 1; WEVER, 2; YOGURT MODEL, 4

#### GET TO KNOW YOUR OSCAR CONTENDERS

WHICH FILMS WILL RACK UP ENOUGH HEARTRENDING **ELEMENTS TO WIN BIG IN FEBRUARY?** 

CRITERIA	Civil- rights issue	Lesbian love triangle (forbidden)	Shouting while weeping	A-list star willing to grovel for nomination	Meryl Streep
British-voting- rights movie Suf- fragette (10/23)	X		x	X	x
1950s love story Carol (11/20)	x	X	x	x	
Transgender- artist film The Danish Girl (11/27)	x	X	x	x	
Angelina Jolie relationship drama By the Sea (11/13)			x	x	
Hank Williams biopic I Saw the Light (11/27)			x	x	



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# Stephen King Will Die

A new collection about what awaits us all By BENJAMIN PERCY

It's not surprising that Stephen King is writing about death. It's how. And it's why. "I think that most people tend to meditate more on What Comes Next as they get older, and since I'm now in my late 60s, I qualify in that regard," he writes in the introduction to the story "Afterlife," one of many in his new collection—The Bazaar of Bad Dreams (Scribner, \$30)-that stare into the abyss awaiting us all. "When you boil it down, there are only two choices. Either there's Something, or there's Nothing." And in King's stories, there's always Something. Something darkly transcendent that takes us beyond the limits of everyday experience.

Readers associate King with the supernatural, and there are plenty of demented "what if" scenarios in here, including "Obits"—about a columnist who kills people by writing their obituaries—and an O. Henryesque masterpiece called "Dune," which features a man who sees names

written in the sand, the names of those who will soon die.

But horror is not this collection's genre so much as its emotional core. Raymond Carver could have written "Premium Harmony," about a bickering couple whose stop at a convenience store takes a morbid turn. "A Death" concerns a cognitively disabled man accused of murder in a small western town. "Batman and Robin Have an Altercation" follows a middle-aged son, Sanderson, and his elderly father. The two of them meet up every week when he picks up Pop from the old-folks' home and treats him to lunch. Pop has moments of clarity, but mostly he's lost in the fog of dementia. He makes an unlikely savior when on the way home they're struck by a souped-up truck with a wildeyed, muscle-jacked driver.

One of my favorites, "Morality"—first published in Esquire in July 2009—involves a financially struggling couple who take on a dangerous proposal that will secure their future. Chad is a substitute teacher trying

to finish his first book. Nora is a health-care worker who looks after a retired minister recovering from a stroke. The Reverend Winston has never sinned and wishes to commit one—a major one, something entirely against his nature—before he dies. He will pay Nora \$200,000 if she agrees to his proposal. It's not what you'd expect—he doesn't want her for sex or murder—but the choice the couple makes will have devastating effects on their mental well-being and their relationship.

There's a reason so many horror television series—*The Twilight Zone, Tales from the Crypt, American Horror Story*—are anthologies. Horror is difficult to sustain. I love the immersive experience of reading King's big, meaty novels, but there's something so satisfying and terrifying about these 10-, 15-, 20-page stories, each of them like a moan rising from the basement, a pale face appearing in the window, a long-fingered hand dragging you into the darkness beneath your bed.



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#### RABAT AND SALÉ

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#### LEAVING TANGIER

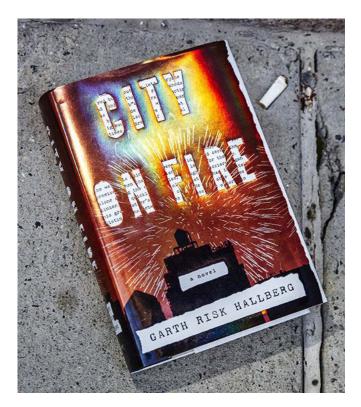
To step on board a steamer in a Spanish port, and three hours later to land in a country without a guide-book, is a sensation to rouse the hunger of the repletest sight-seer.

The sensation is attainable by any one who will take the trouble to row out into the harbour of Algeciras and scramble onto a little black boat headed across the straits. Hardly has the rock of Gibraltar turned to cloud when one's foot is on the soil of an almost unknown Africa. Tangier, indeed, is in the guide-books, but, cuckoo-like, it has had to lays its eggs in strange nests, and the traveller who wants to find out about it must acquire a work dealing with some other country Spain or Portugal or Algeria. There is no guide-book to Morocco, and no way of knowing,

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### THE BIG BOOK OF THE FALL

LONG, HYPED, AND WORTH READING

Eight-hundred-sixtyseven pages into Garth Risk Hallberg's two-pound behemoth, City on Fire (Knopf, \$30), a character poses the question "But how was it possible for a book to be as big as life?" It might as well be the novel's tortured mission statement, what with the nearly \$2 million publishing deal and monumental industry hype. But this kind of wry self-awareness is also what makes the scale of its ambition palatable.

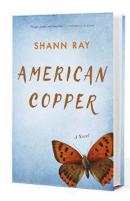
As the backdrop for his epic, Hallberg has chosen the bleak New York of the 1970s, in which a latenight shooting in Central Park unravels a conspiracy substantial enough

to shake the whole city off its uneasy foundations. Along for the ride are a megalomaniacal punk rocker and his pack of teenage acolytes, a Rockefellerian family and its reluctant heirs, and a supporting cast of New Yorkers forced to reckon with their egos.

Exactly what the shooting has to do with their love affairs, drug addictions, and financial woes is withheld until the climax, which unfolds in somewhat tedious real time during the blackout of '77. (Again, Hallberg winks at us: "And didn't time always slow, anyway, the closer you came to what you wanted?") To

lure us along, he scatters red herrings and Chekhovian pistols in equal measure, which will tempt some to race straight to the whodunit and miss the point by a mile. Yet the book's lifeblood is its almost sociological look at the clashes of culture and wealth that threaten to engulf the city whole, and Hallberg's characters, who manage to unearth moments of hope and connection amid such impending calamity. It is in these small glimpses of humanity that the book becomes as big as its author's ideas. And more important: a book deserving of its hype.

— IUI IA BLACK



#### **American Copper By Shann Ray**

The train-in so many western novels and films—is the defining symbol of industry and expansionism, and the sentences in Shann Ray's debut novel, American Copper (Unbridled Books, \$16), race across the page like the hammering of spikes, the clatter of ties, the banshee wail of the steam engines that signal the violent seizure of the West. In one scene, a train wreck mangles the tracks and crumples the cars. And in another, a railroad crew building a mountain passage misfires a bundle of dynamite, which hurls bodies and rocks into the air and drives a railroad spike through a jaw and out the top of a skull. These touchstones capture Ray's brutal, beautiful vision of Montana from the years 1864 to 1935, a time of rapacious growth and genocidal colonization.

There is a copper baron who wants to dig a mine deep enough to bury a city. A bloodthirsty church elder (nicknamed the Fighting Parson) who slaughters natives and collects the scalps and genitals of the dead. A Chevenne chief named Black Kettle, a poet named Evelynne, a steer wrestler named Zion, and many more. You might expect this saga—which chronicles the white and Cheyenne experience—to clock in at a doorstopping 5,000 pages, but Ray balances out his scenes with lyrical summary so that time expands swiftly. This stylistic move-along with the wild landscape and wilder characters-makes American Copper read like the offspring of Jim Harrison's Legends of the Fall. — B. P.



#### The Rising, by Ryan D'Agostino

Eight years ago, Bill Petit sat tied to a pipe in his basement, listening helplessly as his wife and two daughters were tortured and later murdered upstairs. Today, he is remarried, has a young son, and runs a foundation he hopes can carry out a fraction of the good his family would have done had they been given the chance. How does a man get from there to here? It's a question former Esquire editor Ryan D'Agostino first broached in the pages of this magazine in 2011, and he answers it even more fully and grippingly in The Rising (Crown, \$26). Though D'Agostino is unflinching in his reporting—covering both the crime and the trials in devastating detail—The Rising is above all a compassionate and thought-provoking look at the outer limits of human resilience.

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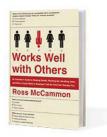






### **How to Deal with Assholes**

A helpful excerpt from Esquire editor Ross McCammon's new book of career advice, "Works Well with Others: An Outsider's Guide to Shaking Hands, Shutting Up, Handling Jerks, and Other Crucial Skills in Business That No One Ever Teaches You" (available now)



I am often mistaken for an asshole

But I am not an asshole. I'm a prick. I'm not proud of it. But that's just what I am sometimes at work: a prick. Which is much more nuanced. Prickery is often the result of nerves and pressure, and its intensity fluctuates depending on the situation.

Assholes are not nuanced. They are assholes when the pressure is on. They are assholes when the pressure is off. It's this lack of nuance that makes them easy to identify.

Their traits include:

- Narcissism. (I'm the most special of all of you.)
- > Impatience. (If I want it, I want it now.)
- > Aggressiveness. (Get out of my way.)
- > Entitlement. (That's mine. Because it is.)
- Delusion. (Who are you calling an asshole?)
- > Obliviousness. (Are you crying?)
- > Also: Utter predictability.

Which is why you should steer clear. If you sense that a prospective boss is an asshole. think about whether you want a narcissistic, delusional aggressor having so much power over you.

But we cannot always steer clear. Assholes often disguise themselves as pricks or, even more slyly, as mensches and martyrs, before unleashing their assholery upon unsuspecting coworkers.

So first, they must be accepted. (They will not change.)

Second, they must be embraced. (This works only if you are able to control your rage and understand that

you are responsible for your reaction.)

Third, they must be engaged. (No one is more surprised by confrontation than an asshole. But they must be confronted.)

Because it cannot get worse. Assholes make every situation as bad as it can possibly be. That's why they're assholes; they are 100 percent awful at

And so you have nothing to lose. Engage them. Here is a question that has worked for me: "Why would you do that?"

This forces the asshole to account for their assholery. And because assholery cannot be accounted for, it is an impossible question to answer.

The point is to tell them: I see what you are up to. You are making them slightly selfaware. And self-awareness to the asshole is water to the Wicked Witch, a proton torpedo to the Death Star's thermal exhaust port, a gust of wind to Donald Trump's hair.

We think of them as strong and destructive. While they are destructive, they are not strong. Their obliviousness makes assholes so odious, but it's this obliviousness that makes them so weak and easily flustered.

No, assholes are easy. It's the pricks you need to watch out for. 12

#### **QUIZ: ARE YOU AN ASSHOLE?**

Hi there! O Hi! (-5 points)
O Hi. (0) O Yeah? (5)

Upon whose terms must all social interaction happen? O Mine (10) O The community of

citizens' (-5)

Where are you on

my way to the top (1) O Picking off enemies (3) O Raging at imagined obstacles (5) O At the top, finally! (7) O Derailed (9) O Falling hard (15)
O Just pluggin' away

your journey?

O Maneuvering

here! How's your journey, friend?! (-20)

Have you ever been drinking with two assistants after work and one of them asks vou an innocuous question but it just sets you off and you make a scene, almost like you had some negative feelings

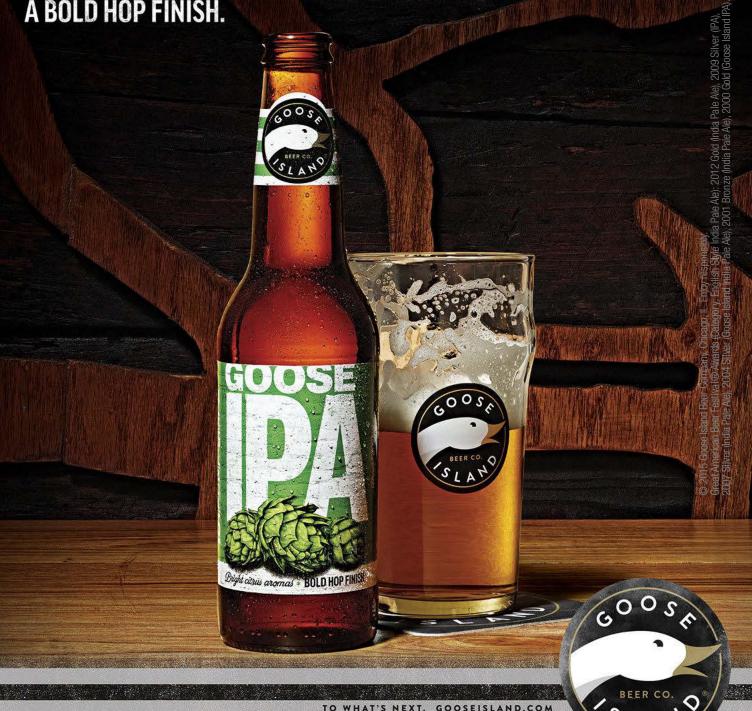
bottled up inside, all because of your stress level?

O That's really specific. (0) O Yeah, it sounds like you may be working through some stuff with this one. (0)

I'll accept that. O Cool. (0) O Cool. (0)

KEY: Fewer than O points: You are repressed and need to stop bottling up your emotions because someday they're gonna explode. O to 9 points: You experience the full range of human emotions, but your consideration for other people prevents you from being an asshole. 10 to 19 points: You are a son of a bitch. 20 to 24 points: You are an asshole. More than 25 points: You are a sociopath.

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A barspoon's worth goes a long way.

# What to Do with Liqueur

An alternative to, uh, just drinking it **Drinking by DAVID WONDRICH** 

The best, most enduring cocktails are almost always simple things, with no more than two or three core ingredients. Gin and dry vermouth; whiskey, sugar, and bitters; rye, sweet vermouth, and bitters; white rum, sugar, and lime juice; tequila, Cointreau, and lime juice; cognac and white crème dementhe (okay, so we like stingers). Made with care and quality ingredients, they are delicious 100 percent of the time, day in, day out, world without end. And yet. After 100 perfect old-fashioneds, that perfection doesn't stop us from wondering if just this once it could be a little . . . different. Back in the 19th century,

in the first golden age of the cocktail, bartenders remedied the situation by keeping the drink exactly the same except for the addition of a barspoon—a mere quarter ounce, as the spoons were at the time—of some interesting liqueur or cordial. Not enough to throw the concoction out of whack, but just enough to show it in a new light, like when your life partner suddenly displays a previously hidden aptitude for the tango.

Until the past few years, the problem

while. Chartreuse, Bénédictine, sure. Grand Marnier, Cointreau, and a handful of others. Beyond that, things ran to butterscotch schnapps and fruity varieties in Technicolor. Since the first rule with the added spoonful is "do no harm," that was an issue-who wants a melony manhattan? But as with whiskey, gin, and just about every other decent spirit, recent years have brought us a liqueur revival, with both new and newly imported entries in old categories and entirely new liqueurs that aren't based on middle-school flavor cravings. Here are five of our favorite recent examples, each tested on its own and with a spoonful added to a plain daiquiri, to see how it works in a citrusy drink, and to a manhattan, to see how it handles the more intense and boozy ones. The best all-arounder is the [1] Big-

with this trick was that there weren't all that many liqueurs available that made it worth-

The best all-arounder is the [1] Bigallet China-China Amer (40% ABV; \$38 to \$42). A classic 19th-century bitter-orange-flavored French digestif, the Bigallet gives the daiquiri a lovely, bitter edge without overpowering it, but it is still intense enough to make its presence known in a manhattan, adding depth to both the vermouth and the bitters.

[2] The Combier Doppelt Kummel Extra (38% ABV; \$40), an intense cumin-

and-caraway-flavored liqueur usually from the Baltics, tramples all over the daiquiri. It goes together with rye whiskey, however, like caraway seeds and rye bread, and makes a spectacular manhattan.

Each of the other three makes for a fine, unique daiquiri but doesn't stand out as much in a manhattan. [3] The Crème de Noyaux from Tempus Fugit (30% ABV; \$35) is an artisanal revival of something last seen in the U.S. in the 1980s. Its nutty marzipan notes (it's made from apricot pits, almonds, and various spices) turn a daiquiri lush and smooth. In a manhattan, it somehow seems to lighten up the drink. So does [4] Jack From Brooklyn's Sorel (15% ABV; \$30), flavored with hibiscus flowers and nut-

meg and such. The Sorel works wonders in a daiquiri, adding subtle floral notes and rendering the drink mellow and aromatic. [5] The Kronan Swedish Punsch (26% ABV; \$30) is a citrusfree punch based on Batavia arrack, a funky cousin of rum that is also used as a liqueur. In a daiquiri, it sends the rumminess into overdrive. If it seems a bit confused in a manhattan, at least it doesn't screw it up. Mission accomplished, more or less. 18

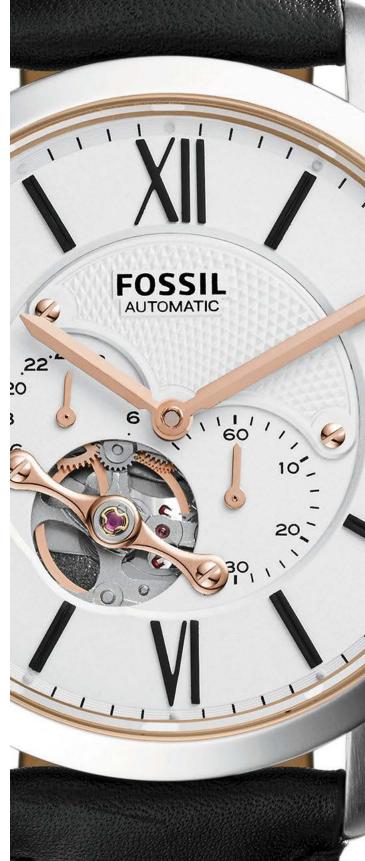






### **CALLING ALL CURIOUS**









# Sex with Stacey Woods

#### I love sex with my girlfriend, but I can only orgasm if I, uh, take care of things on my own. Is there a way to train myself to finish during sex?

You should already be trained in that. Coming during sex is the method we've been teaching forever. I don't know how you could have missed it.

Unless your girlfriend's vagina has undergone significant structural changes far beyond what we experts call "all stretched out," it should be plenty good for coming into. The fact that you do not find it so leads me to wonder if perhaps monsieur would prefer something different. You are most likely, among other things, what's known as an idiosyncratic masturbator; no doubt you remember seeing it on your report cards. An IM is someone who's grown accustomed to a degree of force or friction not achievable in a classic vagina and must be teased out in some other way, possibly with a violin bow. If that is the case, a few rounds of therapy, possibly with toys, might help you find what Stanley E. Althof, professor emeritus

#### TOTALLY INNOCENT READER SUGGESTION OF THE MONTH

Dear Stacey:

I have an idea for a Web series where you interview celebrities and politicians and they tell you about their sex lives. Before the interviews, you give them foot massages.

Sincerely,

[REDACTED]

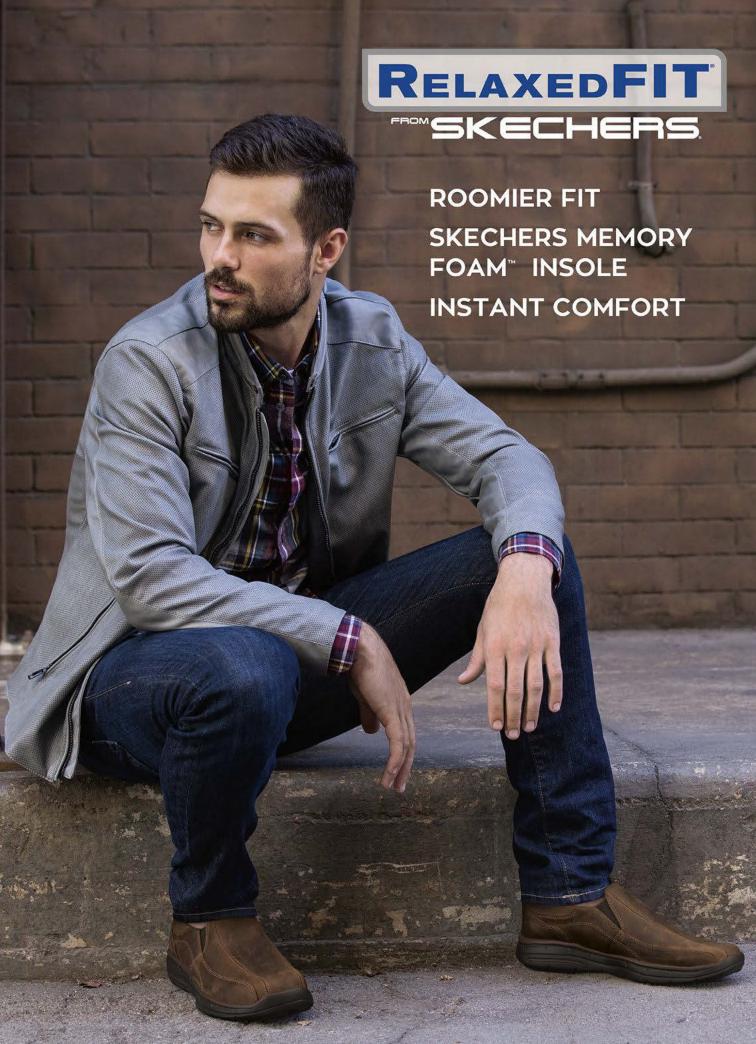
of psychiatry at Case Western Reserve University School of Medicine, calls "a more vagina-like way of masturbating." (I'll be using that as a campaign slogan, so nobody take it, please.) You could also treat yourself to a "Fleshlight," the season's hottest tube-shaped penetrable, which comes in a variety of entrance-hole shapes, including ass, though I don't think your girlfriend would welcome the inclusion of what you consider a more fitting device any more than you would want some python-girthed intruder finishing up for you. (Unless you do.) Which brings us to the question. "The question," says Althof, "is 'What is he ejaculating to?'... Could it be a homoerotic fantasy?" I'm going to stop him right there. I'm not implying that you are, and if something seems implied, please remember

before you write in that it was that guy who said it, but really, I must tell you: There has never been a better time to be gay. Your gayness, if revealed now, would most likely be met by a big cheer, probably a parade, and maybe even a government grant. So if there's any chance that's what's going on, don't waste any more time dicking around with loose women. Get yourself something that fits.

#### My wife has sex dreams about me almost every night but only wants to actually have sex once a week. What gives?

Your wife, apparently. By my calculations (which are not good), Dream You gets more than six times as much as You You. And we have no idea what he's capable of, or who or what he's bringing along. Do this: Ask your wife to describe these encounters in intricate detail. Who is this guy? What's he like? Does he use special lighting or props? Does he wear cowboy boots? Is he like you at all? Remind her that he can't just be some faceless specter behind the parade of dicks she confronts in her dreams each night. Get as good a sense of this sixtimes-a-weeker as you caneven go into her dreams if necessary. (There are instructions for doing this in the movie Inception, I think, around hour three.) Then simply remake yourself into her ideal version of you, which you should really be doing anyway. Work hard, stay firm, and give it everything you've got on your night. I'm sure after a while you can cover some of his shifts.

Got a sex question of your own? E-mail it to us at sex@esquire.com



#### THE ESQUIRE MANUAL

### No. 04: Other People's Families

This month, foreign dinner tables, ritual-inspired hostility, someone else's toddler, someone else's dad, and someone else's nana



**Three essential things:** Learn the drinking culture. Quickly. Compliment the food. Not too vigorously. Help with the dishes. Always. And especially if there's no dishwasher.

Beyond that: Other people's families are interesting, and odds are they're interested in you, too, even if that joke didn't work just then. You're an ally of someone they love.

Sure, defer at first—but not so much that you project discomfort or indecision. Stall briefly as others approach the dinner table so that they can find their chairs. And when your friend or partner gets dragged into another room, another conversation, make your first assertive move. Find a potential buddy. If old men are your demographic, seek out Grandpa. If a four-year-old starts tugging on your arm, race him to his Lego castle.

Remember, your otherness is also an asset. You haven't seen Uncle Mark's imitation of Hillary and Bill Clinton ordering bolognese, which was funny the first time—this time, for you. You want to hear about Mom's late-life hobbies and the "deeply, deeply insightful" comment her friend Diane made at her book club. You don't have hide-and-seek or peekaboo fatigue. Be weary only of the semimarginalized pedantic cousin. Unless you like getting a lecture on the influences of Louis XIV-era gardens. In which case, God bless. Pull him into a side conversation and you've basically fallen on a grenade—which, we might note, is French for *grenade*.

Still, don't be too selfless. Hosts notice quiet suffering. Take a walk when you need a minute to yourself. If they don't have something you need (probably contact solution), just go out and get it yourself. No hubbub necessary. And ask for an extra blanket if you're shivering—the worst that could happen is you catch a cold. Hopefully.



Be she a matriarch with a perm or a mouse with a corner chair, tend to her. Refill her beverage. Wait for her as people travel—even if it's just to the other room. Ask her about her life, what's changed, how she snuck out to meet boys back when. She may laugh at your curiosity; don't yield. Welcome her winks. Delight in her cusses. Her stories best the repeated "So, what do you do?" you'll suffer with the others. You'll gain an ally in mischief and gossip, blessings from the (mistaken) rest for entertaining her, and, with luck, a kiss on the cheek when you say goodbye.

#### VISUAL RULE



#### VISUAL RULE: MEETING "DAD"









# findyourfit





fitbit surge.





Crush your goals with Fitbit Charge HR™ and Fitbit Surge.™ Packed with features like continuous wrist-based heart rate, these advanced trackers are designed to maximize your workouts. So, no matter where you move, you have what it takes to find your fit.











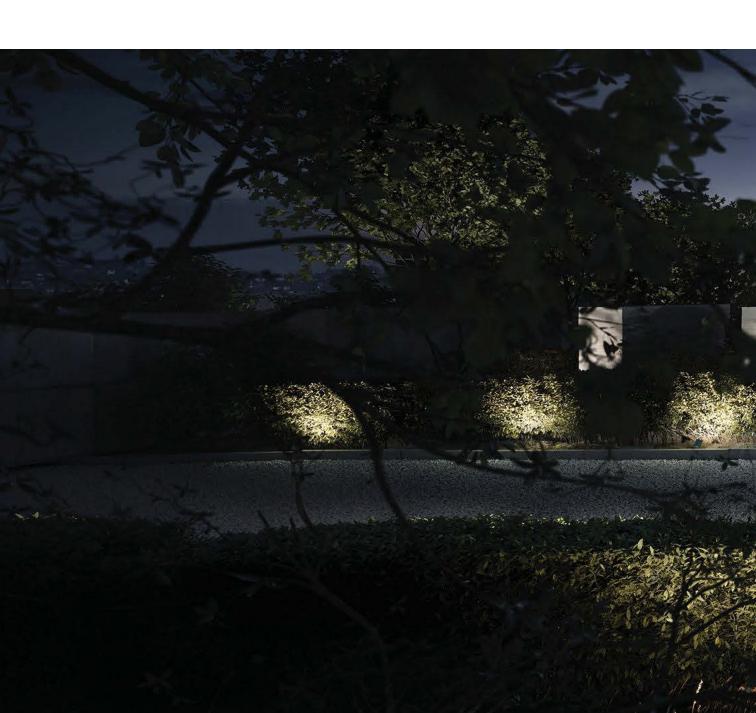






# Now, let's see. Behind us, on both sides of us, and down in front.

Let's put the days of scraping our wheels against the curb or scratching our side paint behind us. As well as nudging our front ends way out into cross-traffic to see what's coming.



Cameras will help us with all that now. And you know what? They'll do it with clarity and in amazing color. Let's finally feel like we're operating our vehicles with a little more awareness, and a lot more confidence. We're not talking about just one camera. We're talking about four cameras with one mind. A vehicle that now has the ability to help us see 360 degrees all

around us. It's actually quite visionary. And it's just one of the truly amazing innovations you'll discover in the entirely new Lincoln MKX. *LincolnMKX.com/360Camera* 



THE FEELING STAYS WITH YOU.

Available features shown.



THE ESQUIRE MANUAL

#### HOW TO WIN OVER THEIR SMALL CHILD

Wisdom distilled from Hillary Short, child-development consultant and former nanny for Lionel Richie, Bruce Springsteen, and the like.

- At first, back off. People start getting stranger anxiety at age one.
- Let them get used to you. Interact with Mom and Dad for at least a half hour so they can observe you're parent-approved.
- When you approach, kneel to their level so that vou can make eve contact. Do not lift them to yours, even if they're named Simba.
- You don't need to be a Paw Patrol connoisseur to engage. Talk to them about whatever they're doing at the momentthe train set they're playing with, the TV show they're watching, the plastic object they're chewing. • Ask if you can read that book with
- them. Would they like to sit next to you? Can you check out that plastic object they're about to choke on? Give them agency. Beware of toddlers.
- They are selfabsorbed-meaning that they're interested in you only if you play on the floor with them the whole time or give them a present. Set boundaries.
- As for screamers: Don't take it personally.



"The amusebouche was not 'incongruous with the ethos of the meal.' How dare you!"

### Regarding Arguments

To which you do not belong

They may not argue like your family does. Yours may withhold or concede while theirs may attack-or vice versa. Both scenarios can be discomfiting, but neither is intrinsically problematic. The real issue, according to Dawn Braithwaite, chair of the University of Nebraska-Lincoln communication-studies department and an awardwinning expert in familial

conversation, is when the argument becomes actually hostile (which often happens at family rituals—like, say, the annual holiday dinner—where emotions rise higher than normal).

If it's bad, try to leave. If you can't leave, remain silent. Don't jump into a situation that doesn't involve you. That may alienate everyone. But if you're recruited—especially by an opponent of your inviter (your only true ally here)—avoid opining. State the facts: This seems really important to you all. But I feel uncomfortable getting involved. Repeat if necessary.

Should the argument reach a point where you want to protect the person who brought you, remain restrained but also abandon honoring the conflict: Okay, that's enough. Stop.

#### THE DINNER TABLE



#### [1] FATHER WHO COOKED

**Risk:** Praise-seeking that thinly veils his vulnerability regarding how the meat turned out. Remedy: A "well done" nod; refraining from sentences that begin with "Next time you should..." [2] OVERSHARING MOTHER

Risk: Your friend or partner gets embarrassed by the detailing of his or her "hormonal phase." Remedy: "Well, you should hear what my [sibling who is not present] did..."

#### [3] COLLEGE SIBLING

**Risk:** Either frighteningly jaded or frighteningly

not-jaded worldview.

**Remedy:** Staying silent as they ruminate or bloviate.

#### [4] "RADICALIZED" AUNT

**Risk:** Regurgitated rhetoric from the Bernie Sanders YouTube channel (likely the clip of him on The O'Reilly Factor).

Remedy: "Actually—could I hear more about that hormonal phase?"

#### [5] SOUSED GRANDPA

**Risk:** Nothing left to drink; sober boredom. Remedy: "So, Grandpa, how's your prostate?"

### A HISTORY OF MODERN.

# BULOVA

ESTº 1875 ↓ NEW YORK



#### **UHF** Ultra High Frequency

The high-performance quartz inside each Bulova UHF timepiece vibrates at a frequency of 262 kHz. This exclusive technology features unparalleled accuracy and a signature sweeping second hand.

**BULOVA.COM** 





# THE SCIENCE

OF BUYING A WATCH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BEN GOLDSTEIN

**SOMETIMES THE REASON** to buy a watch is perfectly simple. You see it and you know. But sometimes there are more variables, each of which forces you to make a series of mental calculations to define what you seek. The search becomes a science. Take that watch up above: **TAG Heuer's Carrera Calibre 18 automatic chronograph** (\$4,800). Yes, it's beautiful. But there's also its capabilities (great for driving, less so for diving), quirks (a telemeter on the flange), and racing roots in the '50s. Maybe it's one of those factors that you value most of all—that makes it right for you. Or maybe it's one of the other elements we examine on the pages ahead.



#### THE OTHER KIND OF BACKSTORY: WHERE TO BUY A USED WATCH

Without all that worry about getting scammed

**At last: No more back-alley** dealings with anonymous Craigslisters only to realize later that your new vintage watch has the right hands but a bum bezel. Online company Crown & Caliber, founded in 2012, acts as a trusty middleman between sellers and buyers of pre-owned timepieces. Its staff of watchmakers—some of whom

have worked for brands like Rolex and Breitling—open each consigned piece to authenticate its parts. "But you can have an authentic nightmare," says CEO Hamilton Powell. So they also test and adjust timekeeping and pressure, oil it, and remove any dings. Then your journey with the watch can begin.

# SUPERIORITY. COMPLEX.

ROCA PATRÓN HAS A COMPLEX TASTE THAT'S HANDCRAFTED USING A COMPLEX PROCESS. WE SLOW-ROAST THE FINEST WEBER BLUE AGAVE, THEN CRUSH IT WITH A TWO-TON TAHONA STONE WHEEL—AN ANCIENT, LABOR-INTENSIVE METHOD. THE AGAVE JUICE IS THEN FERMENTED AND DISTILLED WITH THE FIBER, RESULTING IN A MULTILAYERED, EARTHY TASTE.









#### The **Endorsement:** The Old-School Digital Watch

A watch should withstand—well, really whatever happens as time passes. The inevitable preshower drops on the bathroom tiles. Wrist fattening. And maybe most frustrating of all: trends. A good watch abides, even improves, as all around it changes. This is the attribute that makes a watch a good investment. And now, surprisingly (at least to us), it points to something we once considered ephemeral: the original digital watch. Think about it. Those things wereor, rather, are—sturdy and functional and lose seconds over months, with no need to rewind. They're adjustable and fixable, with batteries that last years until they're easily replaced. And now, fully outdone by today's surge of watch smartness, they reference a bygone era just as a mechanical watch face may allude to the 1960s or '30s. You need not go full Marty McFly Casio calculator [Fig. 1], which still veers toward kitschy. But consider a G-Shock that includes 5600 in its model number, like the DW5600E-1V or the GLX5600C-1, which marks the genealogy of the line's first redesign, in 1987. Is there a feverish secondary market for them? Nope—or, rather, not yet. But you can still pass them down.

# THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS IMPOSSIBLE, IT'S JUST A MATTER OF FIGURING OUT HOW

The words of our Chief Engineer, Haruhiko Tanahashi and a principle we live by at Lexus. It's what has inspired our latest project, a real, functioning hoverboard. To see it in action and to find out how we made it visit **amazinginmotion.com** 





#### **ELEMENT NO. 3**

WATCHES THAT TEXT. THAT KEEP YOU IN SHAPE. THAT ARE THE FUTURE

#### 1. RADO HYPERCHROME **TOUCH DUAL TIMER**

It reveals its power through what's missing: a crown. To set both time zones, you press and swipe the ceramic case. You can also flip the zones magically (or, okay, electronically). Ceramic watch (\$2,900).

Capability index:

#### 2. MONTBLANC TIME-**WALKER URBAN SPEED** E-STRAP

Embedded into its strap is a small screen that enables you to preview (as in screen) your texts, calls, and social media. It also jogs your memory about that meeting—and then tracks the distance of the jog you should take afterward. Steel watch (\$4,900). 

#### 3. MICHAEL BASTIAN **CHRONOWING**

It reaches beyond the new necessities-texts, calls, appointments-to follow stocks, the weather, and sports scores. It also cycles through your music. It's modernity with a pseudoanalog face. Steel watch (\$350).

#### 4. FOSSIL Q

Stealth. Its alerts are a series of vibes and lights that glow on the side (and can be color-coordinated by phone contact). Busy? Double-tap the watch face to let them know. All people will see is a timepiece. Steel watch (\$175).

#### 5. THE ASSESSMENT: THE APPLE WATCH

I feel naked without a watch. I switch mine out from time to time—from a Tudor Pelagos to an Omega Speedy to an IWC Mark XVII-but mostly I love my pride and joy: a 1930s pilot's watch from Hermès. It's a mechanical watch. It loses a minute a day, and I often forget to wind it. I wear it anyway. Call me shallow, but function is not everything.

Yet out of fear of missing out, I also have an Apple Watch—an instrument purported to be so capable that I keep expecting it to change my life. And so I spent much of the summer trying to become the sort of person who needs an Apple Watch.

I started with all the possibilities. But stopping the thing from blinking or vibrating every time I got a text or a like on Instagram quickly became the first problem I needed to correct. (Being told every 20 seconds "You've got a message" is like having a rather persistent parrot on your-well, your wrist.) And so I began turning off notifications one by one until I had only what I needed. Turns out it was this: a digital watch. Sure, it's an especially cool-looking digital watch, and given all it does, at \$350 the watch offers so much value that it may become a defining moment in more accessible watchmaking. But it won't beat out my Hermès.\* -NICK SULLIVAN

\*Dammit. Just when I thought I'd settled the existential debate raging in my head (and as this issue heads to press), they announce the Apple Watch Hermès. It is a collaboration of such unlikely mindbending genius I now have no clue what to think, except



The Apple Watch Hermès. Shoot.





FILSON MANUFACTURING SEATTLE, WA

# SINCE 1897



#### **ELEMENT NO. 5**

POWERFUL AND PRECISE UNDER PRESSURE

#### 1. TIFFANY CT60

The only American timepiece on this page, from a rare new collection by the maker of America's first stopwatch. Steel chronograph (\$6,750).

#### **GRATUITOUSNESS, CHARTED** Max survivable depth undersea

THE OMEGA HUMANS\*

DEPTH

\*Based on the Guinness World Record for deepest scuba dive.

#### 2. PORSCHE DESIGN **CHRONOTIMER SERIES 1**

Streamlined for the racing sort. Notches like a dashboard's, no bulky numbers. Its sole indulgence? A tachymeter to track how fast you're going. Titanium chronograph (\$5,450).

#### 3. IWC PORTUGIESER **YACHT CLUB**

From an emblematic line more than 75 years old, this model is now slightly smaller, with a flyback

function for rapid-fire timing. Steel chronograph (\$12,700).

#### 4. OMEGA SEAMASTER **PLOPROF 1200M MASTER**

Just look at that big sturdyass case and crown. This is the kind of object that imparts gravity to a nap on the beach and establishes confidence in the timing of an oxygen tank deep, deep, deep undersea. Titanium chronometer (\$12,600).

## **Ask Nick**

OUR FASHION DIRECTOR WILL NOW TAKE YOUR QUESTIONS

I want an everyday watch, I thought a Shinola Runwell with a green face would do nicely, but my wife says I should get a blue, black, or white face because I don't wear green. Should men match their watch face to their wardrobe?

TOM MUELLER DALLAS, TEX.

▶ Tom, it used to be said (sometimes even by me) that matching the color of your dial or the color of the case metal to other things on your person-like your cuff links or your tie—was a sign that you had made an effort. Fortunately, things are not as rule-driven these days. If anything, worrying unduly about what matches what is a sign that you are thinking about things too much. To my mind, a good watch should stand on its own merits. If you like the green, go for it.

#### I have an Omega Speedmaster that is starting to collect dirt in the links of the steel bracelet and clasp. Do I need to take it in somewhere? NAME AND ADDRESS WITHHELD

▶ I have scoured the more serious watch sites for home remedies. Many recommend using an ultrasonic cleaning device, which jewelers use on rings and necklaces, but for a simpler approach without the expenditure, a little mild soap (Dove), water, and a soft, old toothbrush will do the trick admirably. Never, however, fully immerse your watch in water the seals on the crown and chrono buttons may be compromised and let in water. Mind you, I have a Speedy and do not treat it with anything approaching this kind of respect. In fact, I leave it on in the shower. For the crystal, use a microfiber cloth and a bit of toothpaste (regular Crest)—yes, really. Its mild abrasive action cleans and polishes the glass.





Crafted with care for a dry balanced blend.







# THE RESTAURANT WORLD IS CHANGING.

THANK GOD.

**BY TED ALLEN** 

**Josh Ozersky was hungry.** He looked like a man who could put it away. And put it away he did, for his own satisfaction, sure. But also for yours.

Because Josh Ozersky lived to chow and tell. He was hungry for whiskey and argument (always a good pairing); hungry for validation of his work, which he received but probably distrusted (writers are like that); hungry for camaraderie and song. And, of course, just plain hungry, for the new-school and the old, the salty and fatty, the crispy on the outside and juicy in the middle—especially if it once possessed four hooves and a tail. But deeper than his need to ingest great cooking was his hunger to share his discoveries and to soak in the pleasure of affirmation from his audience. In that sense, Josh possessed a drive like that of great chefs, equal parts generosity and need for applause—not just for praise but also for surety that the rest of us tasted his discoveries and understood.

Josh chose most of the restaurants herein and devoured as many of their delights as he could, just in time to exhaust the Best New Restaurants travel budget, but not in time, sadly, to write the stories. Every death is untimely, but Josh's was especially so, happening as it did when he was just forty-seven in the early hours of May 4, 2015, the very day he was supposed to cheer on his favorite chefs at the James Beard Awards in Chicago. So a team of Esquire pros and great new voices from all over the country, including Beard Award winners John Birdsall and John DeVore, picked up the fork and finished the job.

No tribute could be more fitting, because we are as blown away by these restaurants and the cultural shifts they represent as Josh was. There is something of a New Food Order emerging—the rules, like the complexion of the country itself, are changing.

The restaurant of the year, Shaya, serves Israeli cuisine—in, of all places, New Orleans. And if you doubt that pita and tabbouleh could merit such an accolade, consider that their elevation comes at the hand of a chef, Alon Shaya, who has cooked for NoLa revolutionary John Besh since his first of (now) twelve restaurants began transforming that former time-capsule culture of Commander's Palace and Brennan's. And if that's not enough, imagine sinking

your teeth into a pomegranate-lacquered lamb shank, blackened and glistening from hours at the roast.

There is a restaurant that basically serves only birds. A restaurant on a bleak block in Harlem that no sooner saw success than it was shut down by a ridiculous rent increase. Yet somehow it managed to reopen ten months later, bringing its beacon to a different careworn stretch of the city.

In more restaurants than ever, Latin Americans are not just rocking the line but also running the show, with confidence and style. Witness Ray Garcia: I went to his L. A. joint Broken Spanish in its ninth week, before it even had a sign out front. He takes familiar flavors and formats from the Mexican playbook and brilliantly interweaves them with surprises like black garlic and foie-gras butter.

Perhaps most important is that after a decade of tatt-sleeved male chefs whose primary concern was building empires rather than flavors, we are entering a new era of collaboration and cooperation that focuses more on cooking and less on big-swinging solo-artist brand development. Chefs who use the pronoun we when describing their creative process, like husband-and-wife chefowners Nicole Krasinski and Stuart Brioza, of the Progress in San Francisco. These are craftspeople with their chests unpuffed and their heads down over their pots, developing loyal teams of homegrown cooks just as surely as they develop killer dishes—and upending the bro culture of the American kitchen.

If only Josh could have seen this through. The last memory anybody seems to have of him belongs to John Currence, a friend and the chef at City Grocery in Oxford, Mississippi. Having decamped from the Beards' annual Chefs' Night Out cocktail party in search of Jim Beam, the two, along with Charleston chef-kings Jason Stanhope and Mike Lata, found their way to a basement karaoke dive. "Nobody was singing, so Josh just started devouring the microphone and dragging people onstage." Among the selections: the duet "Islands in the Stream," with Stanhope. "It was really one of the most joyful things to watch."

Because for food, for whiskey, for one more song, Josh Ozersky was hungry. You're hungry. I'm hungry. Let's eat.



**JOSH**By Danit Lidor, his wife

Among the many unusual things about Josh is that he never took notes. But even though he wasn't writing anything down, I was listening. And he had big plans for this year's Best New Restaurants.

Muscadine was his reigning queen of fried chicken—the secret is in chef Rhoman's gravy. Josh's enthusiasm for Shaya was, even for Josh, beyond giddy. He pronounced the Progress a "prodromal symptom of an evolution in

third-wave gastronomy," and he declared Jockey Hollow's Chris Cannon "master and commander of authentically curated restaurants." In chef Bailey of the Grey Josh saw a dream—something Josh, ever the dreamer himself, always respected. "Finally," he used to say to me. "It's about time."

Josh was perpetually late and aggravatingly absentminded, but he was a brilliant writer and both generous and genuine. He was truly hilarious,

easily dominating conversations with off-color Borscht Belt jokes, obscure historical references, ten-dollar words, and profound observations—and his intuitions about food trends were spot-on. His short time at Esquire was a dream fulfilled for a lonely child prodigy from Atlantic City. Josh was so much bigger than life—one friend described him as five people in one body. I wish—we all wish—he would have been around for so much more.







# Shaya

A PILGRIMAGE TO ESQUIRE'S RESTAURANT OF THE YEAR

**BY TOM JUNOD** 

**Gluttony is harder** than it looks. It's listed as a sin, as something you give in to, when really it's a skill, requiring not just hunger but resilience. That's why the most resilient city in the country, New Orleans, is also the most gluttonous. That's why Josh Ozersky, the most gluttonous food writer in the country, was also the most skillful, a hungry man who whetted the appetites of his readers while exploring the mystery of his own. And that's why, when I went to New Orleans to eat at the new restaurant Josh picked as the year's best before he died, I got worried.

I didn't worry for the obvious reason, which is that I couldn't eat like Josh. No one could eat like Josh. My worry, then, was not that I would wind up reaching the outer limits of my capacity on my visit to New Orleans. It was that I wouldn't be sufficiently tested, because the place Josh had picked didn't portend an evening of ex-

travagance. It's called Shaya, and it serves Israeli food. Now, I love Israeli food, love Jerusalem: A Cookbook, love the homey exoticism, the fusion forged in the crucible of an eternally contested crossroads. I just didn't know if I would love Israeli food in New Orleans. Friends who live there said that Shaya had the best pita bread, hummus, and tabbouleh they had ever tasted. But who goes to New Orleans for pita bread, hummus, and tabbouleh? It's like going to a bordello for Bible instruction.

Nevertheless, I went, and John Besh was waiting for me. Besh is one of the partners behind Shaya; moreover, he's the man who transformed the restaurant scene in New Orleans by making it more like everyplace else's. That's a compliment. For a

long time, New Orleans was the classic-rock station of American cuisine, its reputation for flamboyance belying its playlist conservatism. Besh has changed all that, with twelve restaurants as open to the culinary trends of the past thirty years as, say, restaurants in Houston. Besh met with Josh—"Joshy"—six weeks before Josh

died, and now his persistent smile was charged with a pointed sense of expectation. Chef John Besh wanted me to eat.

And so I—we—ate. The platter of salads came first, with fresh layers of pita bread made in the pizza oven installed in the back corner of the dining room. It was entirely familiar, with a few exceptions, the novelty of wood-roasted okra balanced by the baba

ghanoush, the za'atar-infused olive oil, and, ves, the best tabbouleh and hummus. I've ever had. But what does that even mean? There's always a lovely astringency to Israeli food, a bracing quality that seems based on a knowledge of life itself, the sour never far from the sweet and bitter herbs essential to the grandest feast. It's not the food of the conqueror but rather of the conquered and the unconquerable, which is what makes it hard to decide if the "best" Israeli food is food that breaks with tradition or exemplifies it. Luckily, the food at Shaya does both-its tabbouleh harking back not only to some ancient recipe but also to some local farm, and its hummus ... well, its hummus wasn't just, like, creamy. It was just like cream.

And it kept coming. Besh was joined at the table by the man himself—the chef, Alon Shaya, who had a ready explanation for how food born in the desert found its way to a city born in a swamp. He was born in Israel, and when he moved to Philadelphia at the age of four, the food prepared by his mother and grandmother provided

him with a connection to a past he barely had a chance to remember. He eventually came to New Orleans to work at Besh Steak, and when Katrina flooded the city he began cooking Louisiana staples for hospital and relief workers. Six years later, he traveled with his girlfriend and Besh to Israel, where he cooked "kosher Louisiana food"—duck CONTINUED>



#### CONTINUED >

jambalaya-for Israeli soldiers and also asked his girlfriend to marry him. They came home with Shaya already in mind, their inevitable offspring.

The story answered the question I had about Shaya, the question of how food that might please one of the desert fathers might also satisfy a sybarite. There's nothing richer than soul food, even if it's soul food laced with hyssop. But it didn't answer the question I had about Josh, the question of how he kept eating like I was eating at Shaya, how he kept opening himself up to the experience of absolute appetite. The log of halloumi cheese, sautéed and served on a bed of fresh apple butter made with apples from Alabama and peppers from Turkey; the red snapper that came in a cast-iron pan full of chraime sauce and the broken and toasted vermicelli Alon Shaya called Egyptian rice; the frankly obscene lamb shank, lacquered black under its pomegranate glaze and wobbling with figs: I started getting full. Worse, I started committing the glutton's sin-I began to pick, to the extent that when faced with a selection of three desserts, I merely made a show of eating the burnt-honey ice cream that trembled on a disc of puffy labneh cheesecake like panna cotta.

Besh saw that I was faking it. "Take a bite!" he ordered, his smile suggesting that our friend Joshy would expect no less. I did so and felt as though I might burst until chef Shaya produced a press of hot Moroccan green tea flavored with mint and honey. It was, like the hummus and tabbouleh, the best I've ever tasted. But what does that even mean, in the context of something as commonplace as tea? It means this: I had been surprised that Josh had selected Shaya as his restaurant of the year, because he had always been catholic in his tastes rather than kosher. But what Shaya showed me-what Josh showed me-was how intricately virtue and excess are woven in the act of eating. You don't go to New Orleans for the green tea, after all. You do only if it lets you take another bite, if not quite muster, in the end, the strength to finish.

4213 Magazine Street; 504-891-4213



### Townsman

#### A SOUTHERNER EXPERIENCES A LAND OF PLENTY

#### BY JOHN DEVORE

#### When I was growing up

down south, my only exposure to New England food was postchurch lunch at Red Lobster. As we waited to be seated, I would push my nose against the fish tank's glass and marvel at the miserable and valuable lobsters inside. I knew never to actually order lobster, even at restaurants that had "lobster" in their name, because they were the most expensive thing in the world. We could order anything except lobster-that would bankrupt us.

My fascination only increased when a friend raised in Connecticut informed me about the lobster roll. There was a part of the country where these magical sea beasts were so plentiful that their precious flesh was slopped on hot-dog buns? Apparently, this abundance was God's way of saying "Sorry for the eight months of snow."

After seven years of professional food writing, lobsters still make me feel like my nose is pressed against the tank. But here I was at chef Matt Jennings's Townsman, in Boston, experiencing the torrid, tooshort love affair of a New Fngland summer.

The meal started off with simple brown bread, a dense chowder sponge. This said New England to me: simple, matter-of-fact, the kind of aut spackle needed to weather a brutal environment. But after that humble serving came the show: oysters swimming in brine, ribbons of cured ham, headcheese, and a marvelous blood-sausage mortadella, a nod to Boston's Irish and Italian heritage. A summer-squash fritter seemed to say, "You'll miss this in three months."

Next was the rich bluefish pâté, which Jennings's mother would make during summers on Nantucket. Bluefish is peasant food, a working-class protein; Jennings piles on delectables, like pickled chard stems and marinated cornichons, without compromising the simplicity of his mother's recipe.

Beef tartare, crispy pork loin, crab claws, a summer-vegetable salad. Collard kimchi, a reminder that Boston is as diverse as its higher-maintenance sibling, New York.

Finally, there was the foie gras, served with blueberries. Blueberries! Not the bitter purple ball bearings sold in supermarketsblue like the ocean in a good mood.

When I was growing up in Virginia, we didn't know what the Yankees had already figured out: Lobster is a commoner's delicacy, best left to buns and mayo. Blueberries, delicious, fleeting blueberries, are the more valuable treasure.

The foie gras tasted only as good as suffering can. But these tiny fruits were sweetness and juice and sunshine. At Townsman, New England cuisine erupts like the blueberries of the summer.

Winter is harsh because she is jealous of the bounty summer provides. No wonder they built a civilization here.

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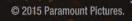


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# THE PROGRESS

THE END OF THE SWINGING-DICK KITCHEN GOD
BY JOHN BIRDSALL

Stuart Brioza approaches my table at the Progress, the San Francisco restaurant he and his wife and co-chef, Nicole Krasinski, opened next door to its lessformal sibling, State Bird Provisions. "A little something that's not on the menu," he says, dropping the plate. "A lingcod dish we started playing with today." (Whenever Brioza says something about the creative process, he uses the pronoun we.) The dish has an air of salty astringency, of a tidal pool made delicious: crisply browned spiced fish scattered within a sweet-sour habitat of tiny seared romano beans and minuscule grapes. It's challenging in the quietest way possible. Brioza dips his head in a little gesture of deference, and he's gone.

Krasinski and Brioza's quiet ascendancy,

along with that of other couple-owners, like Take Root's Elise Kornack and Anna Hieronimus and Via Carota's Rita Sodi and Jody Williams, is a lo-fi win for the humble. It's not as if they're invisible—in 2013, State Bird got the James Beard Award for Best New Restaurant, and this year Krasinski and Brioza shared one for Best Chef: West. But while most in food media were chasing an international party circuit of festivals and food conferences, a bunch of nerds started changing kitchen culture.

The past decade has seen a media narrative about a leading group of chefs, all male, that has risen to rapper heights. David Chang, Danny Bowien, Rene Redzépi. They're chefs of amazing skill, but they always seem to be showing up like some

alpha frat of the sleeve-tattooed at Instacrawl hunts for the "perfect" taco in Mexico while running a locked-loop conversation about the importance of what they, the World's Greatest Chefs, do. This conversation culminated with *Time* magazine's "The Gods of Food," a power list of the industry's biggest ballers, all male, naturally. *Time* became the dim-witted catalyst for a broader discussion of chef-bro culture and the spectra of misogyny and homophobia that can accompany it.

For a while, it seemed like an industry stacked with female chefs would be the solution—women would be more compassionate, less ego-driven, nicer. But even a chef as self-consciously poetic as Dominique Crenn of Atelier Crenn, in San Francisco, has said that surviving in high-end kitchens as a woman means learning to push back harder than the biggest hardass on the line. It's about not simply the sex of the cook but also abandoning the old trope of the chef as solo artist turned empire builder. Because any chef, male or female, who is focused on building an empire is not primarily focused on making food.

This redefined notion of success, which privileges the smallest of perfect gestures from a team of collaborators rather than the colossal ego stroke of solo ambition, is something you can taste in Brioza and Krasinski's food. The Progress feels like a large-scale pop-up in which the cooks aren't forcing submission to any formal experience but rather floating experimental dishes like soap bubbles. An exposed lath wall in the Progress suggests not only vulnerability but also openness about process, as if everything Brioza and Krasinski cooks exists on a continuum of endeavor. Not Here is the flawless expression of our artistry, but Here's what we've been working on. What do you guys think?

After a tour of Brioza and Krasinski's prep kitchen, the twenty-five-yearold sous chef of State Bird, Gaby Maeda, explains what it's like to work for the couple. She talks about the party they threw for the staffs of the Progress and State Bird after winning their latest Beard. As everybody munched on Chicago-style hot dogs, she says, the chefs spoke about it as a team win and the Beard medallion circulated so that people could slip it on and snap group selfies. Maeda says, "They were like, 'Yeah, it's a medal." Just a hunk of bronze with a nylon ribbon strung through it. Nothing whatsoever to be all dick about.

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### Muscadine

A SOUTHERNER COOKING SOUTHERN FOOD IN THE NORTH . . .

**BY JAMES ROSS GARDNER** 

Bobbie Gentry's above the bar, her hair a windswept riot as she crosses the Tallahatchie Bridge. And the furniturebentwood chairs with floral-patterned cushions—would not look out of place in the sitting room of a jilted Faulkner character. But chef Laura Rhoman, an eighth-generation native of Tupelo, Mississippi, has conjured more than a shrine to the South.

At Muscadine, in Portland, Oregon, the needle's as likely to drop on Bell Biv DeVoe's "Poison" as it is on anything by Johnny Cash. The coffee, Cellar Door, is local. And the food, southern standards plucked from family-recipe books, revels in the Pacific Northwest's abundance. The creamed corn from a Portland farmers' market is fresh and crunchy, not stewed; Rhoman's salmon croquettes swap the customary payload of briny canned salmon for fresh sockeye from Alaska's Copper River.

But there's still plenty to get nostalgic about: heaping plates of biscuits and gravy, fried okra, and cornbread sliced like pie. Shipments of grits and Sea Island red peas from Anson Mills in South Carolina close the miles between the chef and her culinary heritage and defy the sacrosanct locavore affectations of her fellow Portland restaurateurs. (Mix those two sides together and the texture of the peas, cooked al dente, adds ballast to the old-school chunky grits.)

Muscadine serves only breakfast and lunch, and with food this good, that can be a cruel thing. Then again, limitation has a way of focusing you, honing the senses. Do you go for the fried chicken with the crispiest skin and the juiciest meat you've ever tasted? Or the catfish-which the kitchen is known to send out one piece at a time to ensure only the most freshly fried portions hit your plate?

There's also the Cochon, a puck of smoked pulled pork, breaded and slathered in tangy Carolina Gold barbecue sauce, capped with a poached egg, and laid on a nest of slaw and crispy potatoes. No. Laura Rhoman has not built a shrine to the South in the Pacific Northwest. But her menu's standout dish. a mandala of swirling flavors and textures, is a portal between them.

1465 Northeast Prescott Street: 503-841-5576





### The Grey

#### .. AND A NORTHERNER **COOKING SOUTHERN FOOD** IN THE SOUTH

#### BY JENNIFER V. COLE

In a former Jim Crow-era Greyhound bus depot in Savannah, the Grey melds history and a modern take on southern food. A horseshoe bar frames the former departure gates. Bronze greyhounds stand watch from banquette corners. Faces from the First African Baptist Church—blackand-white photos from 1978—fill the oncesegregated waiting room. And the kitchen pass occupies the old baggage counter, where chef Mashama Bailey doublechecks dishes.

Though she grew up in Queens, Bailey spent summers in Georgia and is no stranger to the pork-laden pleasures of soul food. But as A New Yorker (one who matriculated through the kitchen at Gabrielle Hamilton's Prune), she has a fresh perspective, freeing her from the clichés of the Savannah diningscape: shrimp and grits, crab soup. Her collards, fragrant with pecan smoke, camp out over lowburning embers and arrive with a sidecar of serrano pickling vinegar. Roasted chicken, crowned with a turmeric sauce and currant-and-green-pepper relish, recalls Country Captain, a classic Savannah dish of curried chicken and rice that stems directly from the spice trade. A watermelon salad, its fruit compressed into silken cubes, is dressed with almonds, shishitos, and sherry.

Throughout the night, silver trays of gin gimlets and Scotch bob throughout the dining room, serving everyone from bearded Savannah College of Art and Design students to antique ladies lassoed by antique pearls. Bailey has created a modern restaurant that reckons with the past without being haunted by it—no small feat in a city that sells its ghosts every night for seventeen bucks (hearse ride included).

109 Martin Luther King Jr. Boulevard; 912-662-5999







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## Jockey Hollow

**EXCESS (IN MODERATION)** BY SCOTT RAAB

**Even in New Jersey,** men dream big. Chris Cannon's dreaming now as he sits over oysters in a fifteen-thousand-square-foot century-old Italianate mansion in Morristown. This is Cannon's new joint, Jockey Hollow Bar & Kitchen, a culinary multiplex under one vast palazzo roof in a town that hasn't seen much action since George Washington and the Continental Army huddled here for warmth during the winter of 1779.

It sounds a little nuts: Up the twin marble staircase, you've got a four- or sixcourse prix-fixe menu served in what was once an oligarch's parlor; the main floor has a cocktail lounge and this oyster bar, each with a separate menu; and in the basement, for good measure, there's a German beer hall, the Rathskeller. Because the long-empty building is a historic landmark, its restoration was exacting and expensive, hewing to the original materials. And because art was the only way to shape Jockey Hollow to his aesthetic, Cannon filled the place with paintings, photos, and sculptures that he commisThe-Hell-If-I-Know.

In truth, it's totally nuts, yeah, and it's wonderful. Jockey Hollow transmutes crazy into magic because Chris Cannondapper, fierce, and manic—has the balls to match his dream. Plus a grudge: A New York

City native who made his name opening fine-dining establishments in Manhattan with star chef Michael White, Cannon was leveraged out of a partnership by a Wall Street jackal and chased out of the city by lawyers whose specialty is suing highprofile restaurants for the timehallowed gray-area practice of including salaried sommeliers and maître-d's in the waitstaff's

tip pool. Instead of battling in court, Cannon shuttered his last two restaurants in the city.

"There was a period where these guys made me hate my business. All five restaurants I owned in the city got three stars in The New York Times. I said, 'I'm gonna come back better than I've ever been, do-

sioned, veering from Dada to abstract to

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ing something more ambitious, more interesting.' We were looked at like carpetbaggers trying to dictate what New Jersey should eat. When you open a restaurant, the customer finds you-but you also find the right customer. And when we find the right customer, they're our friends. Within a couple of years, this place is gonna be a restaurant full of the people that love us and that we love."

It took Cannon three and a half years and five and a half million dollars to open Jockey Hollow. Lord, it was worth it. For the oysters alone, these succulent jewels, it was worth it. They're from Forty North, a Jersey-shore oyster farm Cannon helped with funding after Hurricane Sandy. He gets produce and pork from a farm in Mendham, five miles away.

"Jersey is so misunderstood, so maligned. Three quarters of the stuff from the Union Square greenmarket is coming from New Jersey. My staff, all the key guys,

moved from the city out here."

That includes chef Kevin Sippel, who began working with Cannon in 2002 in New York City. "The shyest chef I've ever met in my life," Cannon says. "He's got a real blue-collar mentality-he's a cook, but he's got an amazingly sophisticated palate."

I'll vouch for Sippel's palate: On my first Jockey Hollow vis-

it—dinner upstairs in the Dining Room—I tried his six-course tasting menu, which began with a scrambled hen egg with caviar, followed by sweetbread saltimbocca. The egg was exquisite, and the first bite of the sweetbreads moved me close to hon-

"You take good food and you stay out of its way," Cannon says. "It's just Italian food. This is shit that's been done for centuries. It's simple."

The food at hand right now is a new dish: a basket of fried chicken. It's simple, yeah-buttermilk, wine, pepper-and it's yegods perfect.

"Pretty damn good," Cannon says. "You should eat fried chicken once a week. Fuck it. It'll be in the Rathskeller tomorrow. You can do everything here. We've had people come and have a beautiful six-course menu and then on a Saturday go down to the Rathskeller and end up dancing on the tables. Eating should be joy. It should be in your heart, not your fucking head. Always. Always."

110 South Street; 973-644-3180















**Josh Ozersky claimed** the only person he trusted for L.A. restaurant recommendations was Veronica Rogov, who was then a server at Chi Spacca, Now she's our authority on the Los Angeles dining scene.



**Broken Spanish** Ray Garcia's food is unique but comfortable, and the service is soulful but efficient. Michael Lay, one of the best beverage directors in the city, designed the cocktail program. 1050 South Flower Street; 213-749-1460



**Nicole Rucker's Doughnuts at Cofax Coffee** Rucker just became a partner at Cofax Coffee, where she collaborates with local tastemakers, like Compartés chocolate, to capture L.A. 440 North Fairfax Avenue: 323-424-7485



Gjusta At Travis Lett's new spot, an army of cooks makes whipped burrata and rabbit-pheasant terrine and oil-cured anchovies and just incredible porchetta—it's an orchestra of delectables. 320 Sunset Avenue; 310-314-0320





## Ray Garcia

TURNS OUT YOU CAN REINVENT THE WHEEL

BY DAVE HOLMES

Depending on your perspective, Los Angeles either is drowning in Mexican-food options or has five. We've got the taco truck; the corner taqueria; the kitschy throwback where the bachelorette parties pound pitchers of margaritas; the newschool ones, which serve a salsa flight with the chips; and Chipotle. Los Angeles needs water, a permanent solution to the man-bun problem, and someone to elevate the Mexican-food situation.

Ray Garcia is here to elevate the Mexican-food situation. He and his chef de cuisine, Geter Atienza, are sampling mushrooms from the back of their forager's truck on a Tuesday morning, and I'm tasting the produce and trying to think of something to say beyond "These taste

good." I'm wondering why they're spending so much time here, but then a few hours later I taste a tostada that rips my head off my neck. It's a plate of shrooms tossed in a black-garlic sauce with chile de árbol and set over a grilled masa cake, familiar yet brand-new. Right now we're down by the Staples Center, behind Garcia's restaurant Broken Spanish, which he opened less than ninety days after launching B.S. Taqueria just up the street. Two restaurants in three months is a massive undertaking, even more so when you find out they're his first. This is like a band debuting with a double album; it never happens. (Yes, Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention did it, but so did Frankie Goes to Hollywood. I will say no more.)

Garcia got to culinary school by way of UCLA, a Department of Justice internship, and the notion of a law degree abandoned after looking around D.C. and noticing everyone was miserable. At night, after class at a culinary school that doesn't exist anymore, he would make recipes from Cooking for Dummies for his friends. Even then, when he was cooking casseroles with cream-of-mushroom soup, he wanted to raise the bar: "I'd get so worked up, like, My God, this isn't right. Let me make it hotter. Wait, I can fix that. Let me wipe your plate again."

From there, he begged his way into a job at the Belvedere, in Los Angeles, where his boss told him: "I don't give you more than six weeks." By the time he left six years later, he was the executive sous chef. "There's something masochistic about me. I like the struggle." (If the struggle CONTINUED >





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**CONTINUED** > leads to lamb-neck tamales like these, I wish Garcia a lifetime of it.)

Then it was six years at Santa Monica's Fig, where his job as executive chef was to stick to the script—seasonal farm-to-table fare. But when they'd open the place for charity events and celebrity-chef competitions, he got to relax and cook Mexican dishes. He won a bunch of those competitions, including the prestigious national pig-cooking showdown Cochon 555. But more exciting for him was the diners' personal connection to the food. "They'd share a hangover story, or they'd have a grandmother story," he says. But it wasn't until Ink's Michael Voltaggio told him he needed to open his own Mexican restaurant that the lightbulb flicked on.

So on to the long-term to-do list it went: launch a modern Mexican restaurant informed by his own Los Angeles Mexican-American upbringing, with meat and produce sourced from small family farms. And maybe a few years down the line, once that restaurant was up and recognized, open a more traditional, franchisable taqueria iteration. But then spaces opened for both, blocks away from each another, weeks apart. Two prime pieces of real estate were the mothers of invention.

B.S. Taqueria came first. It looks like a taco joint in the post-Border Grill tradition, but the menu is constantly changing based on what's fresh and local. The waiter tells me, "My mind was blown and expanded by the beet taco," and I want to laugh at him, but then I take a bite and I'll be damned. The meal is redolent of Mexican food I've had in the past but somehow brand-new. Creative. A brown paper bag of crispy chicken-oyster chich-

arrones. Clam-and-lardo tacos. The B.S. Handshake, a rich and spicy take on the michelada.

At Broken Spanish, over the gentle din of rock en español—you have not lived until you've heard "Hang on Sloopy" in Spanish-my mind is further altered by a traditional Mexican dish called camote, a sweet potato poached in sugarcane water with pig snout and tail. I finish with an Abuelita hot chocolate, reimagined here as a molten ancho-chocolate cake, crunchy with high-quality cacao nibs from Oaxaca.

The kitchen in both places is open, and during the dinner rush Garcia is as calm and decisive as when he's sampling pea tendrils from the forager. He's still got the early-career need to prove himself, evident as he tastes sauces and replates a whole red snapper, and the staff knows to step back and let him work. But if he's at all stressed from opening two restaurants, it doesn't show; he approaches the work, all of it, with something that looks like genuine enthusiasm and joy. It's also possible that he's delirious with fatigue.

During meals at B.S. Taqueria and Broken Spanish, I find myself in the position of being absolutely full yet scraping my plate for every last bit. It's not until long after that I realize I didn't have so much as one tortilla chip, one margarita, one dollop of guac. Ray Garcia went into a city drowning in Mexican restaurants and invented a sixth kind. And then, immediately afterward, a seventh.

B.S. Taqueria, 514 West Seventh Street; 213-622-3744 • Broken Spanish, 1050 South Flower Street; 213-749-1460



Chicagoans expect the unexpected in Fulton Market, the old meatpacking district. They expect only the familiar in Chinatown, because they rarely venture past their favorite dim-sum places. They don't expect much of anything in the South Side neighborhood of Bridgeport beyond a decent bar after a White Sox game. Three new Chicago restaurants defy expectations.

-JOHN KESSLER

#### **Momotaro**

One story evokes a midcentury Japanese work space, while the basement gives off the glow of the Yokohama entertainment district. Meanwhile, chef Mark Hellyar's talent has wrought a tartare from dehydrated and rehydrated tomatoes that's a ringer for beef, and rollmops of binchotangrilled wagyu beef and foie gras. 820 West Lake Street; 312-733-4818

#### **Dolo Restaurant and Bar**

Neon decor, more reminiscent of a scene in Cocktail than its staid neighbors, doesn't prepare you for the Cantonese kitchen's flamboyant agility with seafood: Dungeness crabs are plucked from a tank within eyeshot and arrive minutes later. Get the short rib, which servers flambé with brandy at the table. 2222 South Archer Avenue; 312-877-5117

#### The Duck Inn

For nearly a century, the Gem-Bar Lounge served a neighborhood of cops and South Side politicos. Chef Kevin Hickey grew up nearby and traveled the world before buying and renaming the tavern. The back patio is where you want to be, with the rotisserie duck For two, heaped on a platter with duck-fat potatoes, 2701 South Eleanor Street; 312-724-8811



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## WHAT IS THE TOUGHEST POSITION IN FOOTBALL?

ootball season is back, promising more than seventeen weeks of incredible action. To celebrate the return of one of fall's foremost traditions—the thing that keeps us glued to our couches on Sunday afternoons (not to mention Monday nights and some Thursdays)—we decided to look at every position on the field in search of an answer to the question, "What is the toughest position to play?" We surveyed running backs, tight ends, linebackers, safeties, kickers, returners, and, of course, quarterbacks in pursuit of the truth. Or at least a bunch of fascinating arguments that truly take readers behind the scenes.

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## **BANG BANG BANG**

### THREE DINNERS, TWO WOMEN, ONE NIGHT OF GLUTTONY BY JESSIE KISSINGER AND ANNA PEELE

Bang! We arrive at Andrew Carmellini's seasonal American restaurant in Tribeca, Little Park, determined to best the "bang bang"—Louis C. K.'s term for two full meals eaten back-to-back—at three of the Best New Restaurants in New York. Our combined weight is probably less than Louis's, and we're going to outeat him. This will be fun.

Here we are, carefree as a butterfly in a Lunesta ad, all snug in our circular booth at 5:30 with the early birds. Bread? Why not? Cured salmon, beet risotto, rosé. Get the last bite of the duck, because what are we, sultans? We're going to leave food this good on our plates? Strawberry shortcake before the walk to Shuko. By the time we get there, we might even be hungry again!

Bang. We are not hungry. But we are also not full. Good, because we are about to embark upon twenty-five courses at Shuko, Nick Kim and Jimmy Lau's tiny Japanese restaurant in the Village. We sip sake and make eyes at a sous who looks like Speedera Keanu Reeves. A perfect cut of wagyu comes out, so marbled that when we hold it up to the light, it's translucent, like a chapel window in a gingerbread house.

Okay, not quite, but the sake's kicking in, and by the rabbit course—our tenth? eleventh? of the night—things are unraveling. Keanu looks concerned. Are we not

enjoying our toro and caviar?

"Finish your sushi. You're insulting the chef."

"I can't. I'm too full."

"Put the Tums away! If you're going to vomit, do it outside so they don't hear you." "I just need some water."

"No! It dilutes stomach acid and makes it harder to digest. Can she get a rosé, please?"

See, Keanu, we love the tuna. Don't look so reproachful with those bedroom eyes.

Finally, apple pie, deeply unwanted but delightful. Time to go. Goodbye, Keanu.

Bang? We stagger across town for a meal at Santina, Mario Carbone and Rich Torrisi's Italian restaurant in the Meatpacking District. Our stomachs distended with pounds of food and liters of alcohol, we tumble into the restaurant at 11,30, losers.

The dining room feels like a hallucination, like a room in Willy Wonka's factory where the smackheads from *Trainspotting* get rolled by Oompa-Loompas for deflation after eating magical blow-up bonbons. The candy-colored lighting fixtures shine down on us as we drink candy-colored rosé and the waiter comes up in a candy-colored shirt and asks if we want to eat. Do we want to eat? Do we want fried artichokes and grapes, incongruous and perfect? The whole porgy, ready to melt at the touch of

a fork? Lime meringue, outer crunch concealing a tender egg-white belly?

Nο

We are a living parable of gluttony, like women who died from too much cake. We learn what it feels like when the quest for pleasure submits to the limitations of the body, that appetite doesn't just need desire but also literal, physical hunger. It's what the diner brings to the table. The chef brings the food. And when they're in harmony, that is true pleasure.

We drink our rosé and moan about how full we are and wonder if it would have been unprofessional to slip Keanu a number as we listen to fireworks exploding out of sight, and we enjoy being miserable together.

And when we go back to Santina a few nights later, we don't balk when the waiter in his candy-colored shirt suggests the avocado cecina, a buttery chickpea crepe with Italian guacamole.

Instead, we respond with the most important, most exhilarating, most underrated words ever spoken in a restaurant: "Yes, please."

Little Park: Smyth Hotel, 85 West Broadway; 212-220-4110 • Shuko: 47 East Twelfth Street; 212-228-6088 • Santina: 820 Washington Street; 212-254-3000















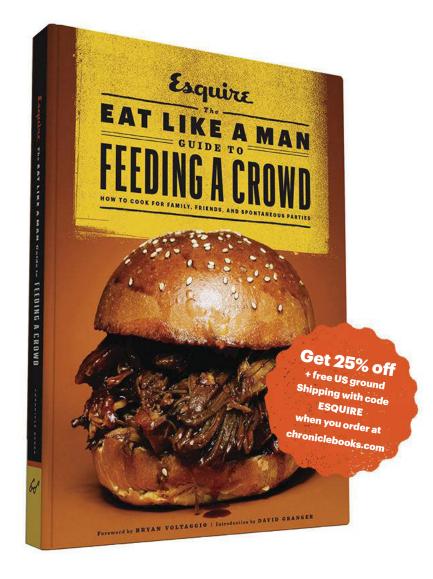






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## **Mountain Bird**

#### A MIRACLE IN HARLEM

#### BY MARK WARREN

OTHER THINGS

BORN IN

HARLEM

James Baldwin

Kareem Abdul-Jabbar

Moby

"That potato is perfect," he said. "A restaurant is only as good as its sides. This place does the small things very well."

The marble table—a delicate piece of furniture for a big man like Josh Ozersky—was stacked with plates and brimming with food: cassoulet, crispy chicken schnitzel, goulash, a turkey burger stuffed with Mornay sauce, fried cockscomb, black-truffle wing ball, ostrich tartare, a warm pumpernickel baguette, vanil-

la butter. There was no place to put the bottle of rosé just arriving. A ridiculous array of food and Ozersky was still ordering and talking, mostly about his father the painter, the Victorian writer Thomas Babington Macaulay, Atlantic City, music, and meat. Meat not as food, really, but meat as energy, inspiration, and life. The late-evening light had faded to darkness, and this restaurant—Mountain Bird—was just about the only light on the block, an uninviting stretch of 145th Street, in Harlem. Many of the commercial spaces in the neighborhood have been turned into store-

front churches, but the storefront churches were all dark and devoid of the spirit on a Thursday night in late spring 2014. The church was here, in this tiny, glowing bistro, the Reverend Ozersky officiating.

"The cassoulet here is better than any I have had in Paris," he said. And he also talked about how the goodness in that little room—French lanterns and delicate bone-china plates embossed with "MB" and white honeycomb tiles spelling out MOUNTAIN BIRD on the black floor—was just as important to the neighborhood as the food that came out of its kitchen. On this dark block, Mountain Bird, with its loving attention to every part of every bird, abided. That evening became one of those five-hour dinners, one of those exalted evenings in which big thoughts are thunk and you cherish the new friends who inspired you to think them and make solemn oaths to do it again soon. Maybe next Thursday? An evening that would have been spoiled if the

eating hadn't been good but was made absolutely historic because it was. Why, they'll write books about this evening! Walk that stretch of 145th Street now and you can still look through the lace curtains and almost see Ozersky bowing theatrically in gratitude before the chef, Kenichi Tajima, and his wife, Keiko, who created Moun-



tain Bird. The nineteen-seat restaurant, he declared over dessert, would make his list of the Best New Restaurants in America for 2014.

But before he would get the chance, Mountain Bird was gone. And so was Josh Ozersky.

A restaurant becomes a hit and sometimes the landlord thinks, Great, let's hike the rent. That sent Mountain Bird in search of an-

other kitchen-ready spot uptown and infuriated Josh. He saw the situation as calamitous not just because Tajima's food was lost to the world but also because a block in Central Harlem had lost its center of gravity.

And so it was with great joy that he greeted the news that Kenichi and Keiko had found a new spot, on another block uptown that needed a little love, and Mountain Bird would live on. When it reopened in April, ten months after leaving the spot on 145th Street, he took it as a sign, and solemn oaths were made for another beautiful Thursday evening.

He was there, of course, in a fashion. Glasses were raised, remembrances made, and where two or more gather with meat on the table, the spirit of Ozersky is never far away.

Josh would have loved the new tiny, glowing Mountain Bird on 110th and Second Avenue, with its new full bar and head-to-toe bird menu, the very same one that he had so fully embraced that night in Harlem. "This potato!" you can hear him say. "These gizzards! Who has ever thought to do this with duck? This isn't a restaurant. This is art."

251 East 110th Street; 212-744-4422, ext. 1



Years ago, when I was a grad student, I worked at an ice cream shop in Oxford called George & Davis'. Students from Teddies, one of the local private schools just up the road, used to come in all the time. One of them was Emilia Clarke. ¶ She's twenty-eight now, one of the stars of Game of Thrones, the mother not just of dragons but of John Connor in the latest Terminator movie, and Esquire's Sexiest Woman Alive. It's Sunday lunchtime. I was supposed to be taking my kids to Legoland. But I'm not—I'm going to interview Emilia. ¶ My taxi pulls up at a house in Hampstead, an inner London suburb. Academics and writers used to live there. Now only bankers and lawyers and movie stars can afford it—you hear a lot of American accents on the street. Emilia's house is part of a beautiful Georgian "terrace" (English for a section of row houses) with long front lawns, pretty pastel-colored stucco walls, big windows you can step out of. It's just across the road from Hampstead Heath: eight hundred acres of hills, hedgerows, and countryside in the middle of London.

#### THE GOIGEOUS BALANCE OF EMILIA CLARKE

FRIENDLY AND FIERCE. KID SISTER AND KILLER. MOVIE STAR AND GIRL NEXT DOOR.

BY BENJAMIN MARKOVITS • PHOTOGRAPHS BY VINCENT PETERS





The weather is classic English summer's day. It rained the night before, it will rain later that evening, but at lunchtime there's a kind of chilly truce and the overcast sky has a certain brightness to it. Emilia comes out of the house to meet me—the buzzer isn't working, and she shouts instructions apologetically from the doorstep as I fumble with the garden gate. She's wearing dark jeans and low cowboy boots and a cloud-soft and cloud-colored cashmere top.

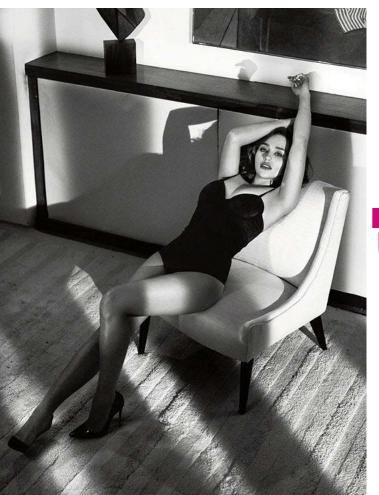
"I'm sorry if I'm shouting," she tells me. "I was at a Metallica concert last night."

The members of Metallica turn out to be huge fans of *Game of Thrones*, so they comped some of the cast a few tickets. If you're Emilia Clarke, these kinds of things keep happening to you. Last month she toured the DMZ between North and South Korea with Arnold Schwarzenegger to promote *Terminator Genisys* (out on DVD in November). Next week she's accepting the Woman of the Year award from *GQ*. And today she has to hang out with a middle-aged, slightly etiolated Texan she's never met, who is supposed to take her to Crystal Palace to play something called Game of Phones—a *Thrones*-flavored quiz and treasure hunt put on by a social-networking company called Thinking Bob. It's aimed at people who want to make new friends in a strange new city.

So far as I can tell, Emilia doesn't really need more friends. There's also the worry that she might get mobbed, which is why she's going in disguise. I'm supposed to provide the disguise. It's possible that I'm supposed to be the protection, too.

In England what you do, when you're nervous about something, is you make a cup of tea. Emilia offers me a cup of tea.

Everything about her house suggests someone older than her years—it's a family home for a single young woman. There's a fancy upstairs sitting room, which is partly for show and a little sparsely furnished. There's a chesterfield under the window, there are books on the mantelpiece (including the latest Colm Tóibín novel), and a funny/pretty and probably expensive large vase deco-



rating the hearthstone. The real life in these houses is downstairs, in the basement kitchen, where the servants used to operate, and that's where she takes me.

The kitchen looks cooked in. There's a big cast-iron oven where the chimney used to be and a cookbook lying on the counter, still sticky with ingredients. She makes her own granola, which sits half finished in a tall preserving jar.

It turns out she also has a lot of tea. She opens a cupboard, she pulls out a drawer, both of them overflowing with complicated varieties.

"How do you take it?" she says. "In my family we always argue about the order of pouring. I'm a milk-first kind of girl."

Emilia's father was a working-class kid from Wolverhampton, a depressed industrial city near Birmingham. He was desperate to do anything that would get him out of Wolverhampton and became a roadie, then began working as a sound designer for a number of bigbudget musicals in London. Her mother went to secretarial college, and must have had *drive* by the bucketload, because she started her own business and ended up as a marketing VP. Whether they meant to or not, Emilia's parents were pulling their children up the class ladder of English life.

"They didn't want me to go to boarding school," Emilia says. "I wanted to. My brother was already going [he's two years older], and I fancied his friends."

"Did you end up going out with them?"

"Of course."

There's a kind of change of tone or pace that Emilia Clarke's very good at. She uses it in her acting, too, and can go from sentimental or angry to comic at the drop of a hat. It all shows up in her face if she wants it to—she's got great mobility of expression. Accents play a part in these shifts. Her own accent is a nicely plainspoken kind of "well-brought-up," but she dips into others, northern English or American for jokes or to make a point. She can do Wolverhampton, too, even though her father doesn't speak it anymore—he sounds like her, she says.

There are stories she's told about being taken to see *Show Boat* (her dad was in the crew) when she was three and falling in love with the theater and deciding then and there that she would act. But she also liked attention, she says. She liked playing games. And she liked winning them.

"And your father was in the business?" But she shakes her head.
"He was crew, not cast; there's a big divide.... He wanted me to be very realistic about the whole thing, about how nobody makes any money. The only line you'll ever need to learn, he told me, is Do you want fries with that?"

His realism turned out to be off the mark. Sometimes surrealism comes closer to the truth.

#### I brought along three disguises: a brown

fedoral haven't worn since college; a glittery, vaguely ethnic shawl; and an Oklahoma City Thunder cap, bright blue, with the kind of brim that sticks up. (I live in London now, but I'm from Austin originally; Kevin Durant is the man.) She picks the cap and my wife's old sunglasses, tortoiseshell-rimmed and pointy at the edges. I don't know what she looks like. She looks great.

On the cab ride over, Emilia explains that she wasn't anyone's "favorite" at the Drama Centre, where she studied, but she worked hard—"I was a keen bean." After graduating, she did a couple of episodes of *Doctors* (a long-running British daytime soap) and starred in some movie for a sci-fi channel that she still hasn't seen. By this point she was living with friends and working three jobs, at a bar, at a call center, and—she didn't tell me the third one. But she did say that a friend of hers walked in once and saw her face,







the face you make when you don't know people are watching. It had a scowl on it. She'd given herself a year to make it in acting and she hadn't.

"And then my agent calls me up and says, 'Did you ever go up for *Game of Thrones*?" The original pilot for the show had already been shot but nobody was happy with it, so HBO was digging back into the casting pile to try and save it. This is where Emilia came in. "My agent told the casting director, 'I know that the breakdown for this character is tall and willowy and blonde. I know she's short and round and brown, but I'd like you to see her.'"

"I had two scenes which told me nothing and not very much time in which to read all those [George R. R. Martin] books," says Emilia. "So I did what every good actor does and Wikipedia'd the living crap out of it."

"Do you have a sense now of what they wanted?"

"Yeah... someone who could grow before your eyes in one season, who could gather strength and show vulnerability, they wanted the arc...."

And then the show itself took off—and Emilia had one of the few characters who couldn't be killed. She is the Mother of Dragons, after all.

She manages to bring together a number of opposites, to make them natural: sweetness and toughness, emotionalism with a kind of cold-blooded determination. Something in these contrasts explains her sex appeal, too. She can play queen and kid sister, dominatrix and pal.

Crystal Palace is not a palace, exactly, more of a quiet backstreet behind a London train station. There's a gaggle of slightly cold-looking people waiting at the entrance to a park when we arrive. Somebody holds a bouquet of flags on sticks. Coming



closer, we can see the logo: GAME OF PHONES. Emilia puts on her disguise-the cap, the glasses, an American accent. We've decided to call her Lilly.

Everyone separates into teams. What follows turns out to be very silly, in an am-dram kind of way, and a surprising amount of fun. Someone dressed in shopping-bag "chain-mail" mesh, with a mask of some sort on his face, reads out in his best pantomime-villain voice from a screed that announces our quest: "The lands of the East are ... ruled by Lord Anchovy, the famed Fishy King." We have to locate a ruined phone box to find the first clue—the name of some mythical animal, inscribed next to a phone number. We troop off dutifully, on a gray bank-holiday Sunday, through a mostly empty park in deep south London.

It slowly becomes clear that nobody on our team watches Game of Thrones. This doesn't stop them from being nice people. There's a marketing director for a Thames-river-cruise company. Maybe fifty years old, one of those men, I get the sense, who wears shorts and sandals on the weekend regardless of the weather. The other woman on our team is a vaudeville dancer, a Cambridge graduate who pays the bills by tutoring kids in everything under the sunincluding beading.

And then there's Emilia Clarke, whose costume, as she herself has realized, isn't necessary. As Daenerys, with that magical blond wig and undercurrent of menace—the fun young queen who can also order you dead-Emilia is unmistakable. But here, out of wig, surrounded by middle-aged strangers, she's just a very attractive woman in an (extremely odd) crowd.

But she sticks to her disguise. Lilly's accent is perfect; she's a laidback, friendly, slightly dead-inside Manhattanite. It's just not clear why she's wearing an Oklahoma City Thunder cap or tortoiseshell sunglasses on a rainy day. When Lilly, in her hard-soled cowboy boots, slips on the gritty path and comes up limping a little, I suddenly feel for her-because I know that the real Emilia has just recovered from a fractured hip (an injury incurred when she slipped and fell while out promoting Terminator). Part of me wants to call the whole thing off.

Except that Emilia (not Lilly) wants to win. She spots an old phone booth near the playground: an English classic, red as a post box, now (in this age of mobile phones) abandoned and graffitied and locked up. The vaudeville dancer tries to light up the dirty back wall by sticking her phone through a gap in the broken glass, but the clue inside refuses to reveal itself. Emilia has a go, too, with her phone. *Unicorn!* This is the password we must deliver to "Lord Anchovy" by "the great bell, a shrine to the God of drowned sorrows...."

I've got a theory that movie stars (some of them at least) make it big partly because they epitomize something. Tom Cruise is the classic poor American kid on the make. His shit-eating grin is both a seduction and a kind of fuck you-the guy who runs up a bar tab after the company softball championship that he never intends to pay.

Emilia has the very real charm of a certain type of English upbringing. "A pocket rocket," my friend calls her-small, sexy, lively, and lots of fun. But there's a whole set of virtues that goes with the fun. There's an attitude to life.

Everybody has to "muck in"—a phrase that means helping out and getting your hands dirty and smiling at the same time. But they also get "stuck in." Like if you're having a picnic on a

summer's day, and the beach is more dirt than sand, and the dirt is mud because it's raining, and there's nowhere to sit apart from an outflow pipe, and everybody's cold, you open a bottle of bubbly and don't complain. And not just don't complain but actually have a good time, because you've got "a sense of humor."

Or if somebody drags you out to a treasure hunt in Crystal Palace, in a disguise you don't need, you stick with it and try to win. You don't take yourself too seriously—all of these are very likable qualities. Emilia has them in spades.

On the hunt for the Iron Phone, the marketing director starts to tell a story about Game of Thrones, something he read in the paper about a father who hears his daughter has just gotten a part on the show. He feels tremendously proud and excited until he sees the first few scripts and finds out what she has to do: full frontal nudity, lots of sex. Maybe even a rape scene.

"It's not porn, it's HBO," someone chips in.

I don't know what Emilia-Lilly-is thinking now. But I know the story, too. The early episodes were hard to film, she'd told me in the cab. There was a lot of nudity, a rape scene, she was twenty-three years old, exposing her body. Her character suffered and she suffered with her. "Once, I had to take a little time out. I said I needed a cup of tea, had a bit of a cry, and was ready for the next scene."

Now she waits a beat.

"That must be awkward," Lilly says.

She's funny. She mucks in.

#### When we leave, Emilia decides not to tell

the rest of our team who she is—they wouldn't know her anyway, she says. And you get the sense that for now, she's just fine with that.

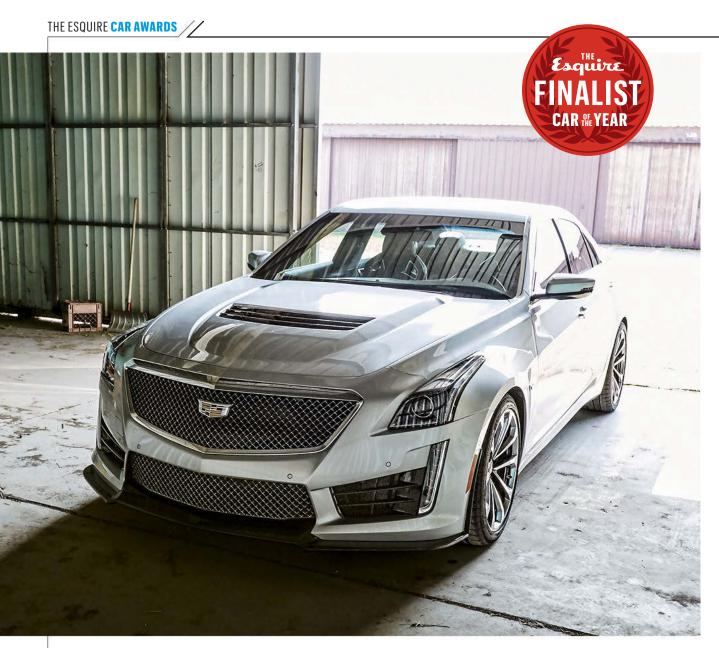
"I'm trying everything I can not to be freaky," she tells me later in a pub. By freaky she means letting the star treatment go to her head. She remembers the days at the call center. The warning of cooking fries from her father. Her life before she was supposed to be noticed.

Half pal, half dominatrix. Half kid sister, half sexy queen. The movie star who plays, in her real life, an anonymous, funny beauty. This is the gorgeous balance of Emilia Clarke. 19

### Esquires

We realize what we are about to tell you is not going to stir the loins, but here's the thing: We are living in a golden age of sedans. (There is no other way to say it.) Each of the four Esquire Car of the Year finalists is demonstrably as good as any sedan has ever been. It's the only category of car that doesn't require a compromise: not on speed, quickness, handling, space, styling... not on cupholders. Thing is, not enough people are buying them. To us, this makes no sense. No trucks this time and only one SUV. It's time to celebrate cars again. Because cars—actual cars—have never been better.





## The 2016 Cadillac CTS-V...

SHOULD BE ESQUIRE'S CAR OF THE YEAR

BY DAVID GRANGER

he 2016 Cadillac CTS-V should be Esquire's Car of the Year because it is the most inspiring story in cars right now. In the depths of the recession, when the entire American auto industry was on the edge, Cadillac decided to start over-first with the ATS line and then, more spectacularly, with the CTS line, which starts at \$46,555-and succeeded in engineering a vehicle that argues convincingly that it is the premier

performance sedan in the world, a car capable of outrunning any sedan from Mercedes or BMW or Audi. Did I mention it's from Detroit?

The Cadillac CTS-V should be Esquire's Car of the Year because the first time we drove the current-model CTS, it provided the most thrilling drive of a day that included more than forty cars, the redesigned Corvette Stingray among them. It was winter in Michigan and it had snowed, so we were locked out of GM's Proving Ground. We made do by taking to the ten miles of two-lane that circumnavigate the perimeter. Clockwise around the back, there's a long, gentle downhill, with a mild right-hand turn that slingshots you into something like an actual racetrack-type straightaway. I hit that stretch at speed and got that holy-shit rush of being entirely in control while hurtling forward at a rate at which control should be tenuous. And then





I did it over and over again, and each time the rush took my breath away.

The CTS-V should be the Car of the Year because the car I drove in Michigan eighteen months ago was not even the V, with 640 horsepower. It was the CTS V-Sport, the \$60,950 six-cylinder version (which still manages to pump out 420 hp).

The CTS-V should be the Car of the Year because it's new right now (which is what qualifies it for this competition) and because when I took it to the lonely stretch of wooded road on which I do my completely unscientific 0-to-60 testing and tromped on the accelerator, I wondered for just a second if the world was ending, what with the noise and the sudden, intense pull of gravity and the slight smell of something like melting rubber.

The CTS-V should be the Car of the Year because it ought to be the halo product that forces the world to reevaluate Cadillac. The cars that tend to inspire me share two traits: They are understated and they are overpowered. There is no car that is more understated than the Cadillac CTS-V. Although this is a potential blessing for consumers of great cars, it's a problem for Cadillac given that the number of people who buy the CTS-V is less than is warranted by its sophistication, performance, and raw power. The blessing is that you (or I) can, for a while at least, be one of the lucky ones who drive it.

This, friends, has to be the Car of the Year.

#### THE SPECS

ENGINE 640-HP, 6.2-LITER V-8 21 MPG (HWY)

MILEAGE: 14 MPG (CITY)/

0 TO 60: 3.7 SECONDS

PRICE: \$84,990



#### BIGGEST THRILL 2016 LEXUS RC F

Imagine a conversation among three Japanese designers. "It should look like a horny toaster," one says. "A robot lobster," says another. "The alien from Predator," says the third. Now imagine they all got what they wanted. You'd have the RC F or maybe something more conservative, with a smaller maw. It's quiet at speed, like every other Lexus. It's fast and responsive enough (467-hp reardrive V-8) that you end up doubling speed limits, the steering a live wire, the engine pumping out a growly blat. It's a wolf in wolf's clothing—make that a cyborg wolf with big plastic teeth—and polarizing as hell. But the design commits. And in characteristic Lexus/ Toyota fashion, the bones feel indestructible, among the best in the business.

**ENGINE:** 467-HP, 5.0-LITER V-8 • MILEAGE: 16/25 MPG • 0 TO 60: 4.4

SECONDS • PRICE: \$63,745



#### **EMBLEM OF THE YEAR** 2016 CADILLAC ATS-V

The 464-hp ATS-V, at \$63,460, is a worthy contender to the throne currently occupied by the BMW M3 and Mercedes C63. But more important, it's a sign that Cadillac is halfway to fixed. It's not as good as the BMW or Mercedes. The BMW's engine is smoother. The Mercedes's interior makes the Cadillac's feel cheap. And you can't help wonder about resale value (historically a problem with modern Cadillacs). But the Caddy's chassis is remarkable. The steering is crisp, and it handles in a way that makes the Germans seem asleep.

The underside of the car is an amalgam of expensive castings, clever engineering, and sharp thinking. From that angle, it's the equal of anything from Europe. And from the right angle, it feels like a bargain.

Granted, we drive cars from the top, not the bottom. Fit and finish are still wanting. Some switches feel yanked from a Chevrolet. The slow, clunky CUE infotainment system would be shamed by a firstgen iPhone with a cracked screen. But these are kinks, and kinks can be ironed out. If you close your eyes and drive an ATS-V, you feel possibility. You want to root for these guys. You know they're working. And it's still a very good car. With luck, in time they'll turn it into a great one.

ENGINE: 464-HP. 3.6-LITER V-6 • MILEAGE: 16/24 MPG • 0 TO 60: 3.8

SECONDS • PRICE: \$63,460

#### **DUMBEST OPTION**

**CARBON FIBER** 

It looks nice... we think? But it doesn't look that nice. It's second only to a sunroof in the hierarchy of options you think you need but don't. A few thousand dollars for texture? Spend it on performance instead.



#### **BEST SMALL CAR** 2016 VOLKSWAGEN GOLF R

Recent developments aside, a history lesson: Germans invented the postwar small car (Volkswagen Beetle, late 1930s). Germans invented the replacement for said car (Volkswagen Golf, 1970s). Germans invented the modern hot hatchback, or a fast version of said car (Volkswagen Golf GTI, 1970s). VW has been making machines like the 292-hp Golf R for decades, and this onequiet inside and out, understated, all-wheel drive, ferociously fast in any weather-is the best yet. The only downside is the price—at \$37,570, it's heartbreakingly expensive.

ENGINE: 292-HP, 2.0-LITER IN-LINE 4

• MILEAGE: 23/30 MPG • 0 TO 60: 4.9

SECONDS • PRICE: \$37,570



#### TV SHOW OF THE YEAR

#### A REFLECTION ON SHOOTING THE ESQUIRE NETWORK'S ESQUIRE'S CAR OF THE YEAR

BY SAM SMITH

**Television is strange.** I'm told it is strange whether or not you are used to it. that it never gets normal. When David Granger and the Esquire Network asked if I'd be part of Esquire's Car of the Year, a five-part miniseries airing this fall, I said yes. Who says no to something like that? I called a friend who'd been on TV before Be yourself, he said. No problem, I thought. When am I not myself?

Turns out it's harder than it looks.

The whole thing reminded me of the first time I rode a dirt bike in deep sand—I'd ridden on the street for years, but with dirt everything is opposite. Every rule is counterintuitive, and the only way to learn them is through painful trial and error (read: watching yourself onscreen). The only way forward is to ignore what you know. That's TV, plus craft services.

So you give up and roll with it. You force your body to do one thing and your head another, and if you're on a car show—Drift this Ferrari! More angle! More noise!-you com-

partmentalize even further, listening to the director and all the producers and cameramen and sound guys, and just trying to be humble about all of it while keeping in mind that you really shouldn't crash that blazing-red turbo Italian supercar while sliding sideways at 60 mph, smoke pouring off the tires. And if you do, make sure you die in the ensuing fire, because then you won't have to answer to the producer and her bosses and explain how the shoot went from being an hour behind schedule to six days while they source another \$240,000 Ferrari. They do not want to source another Ferrari.

Also, be calm. Did I mention the calm?

Granger showed up toward the end for a day of shooting. As always, he was seemingly unflappable. This was comforting. A grown man in wardrobe helped pick out my clothes. I drank an extremely unwise amount of coffee. I wore makeup, attempted to roll a Volvo XC90 for the camera, and watched one of my co-

hosts, Nascar driver Brian Vickers, act like every racecar driver I've met, except he's more likable. (Two speeds—on and off—and everything was a race. To the port-a-john. To dinner. Here, let's drive this new Ram over half of unpaved Detroit, as if it were Baja. Good guy.)

All told, it was fun. A few kind people even said I was good on camera. I ate lunch with the crew most days, because they had the best stories. They were all down-toearth people, but really, they have to be, because their jobs revolve around making someone else look good-for nothing more than a paycheck and a name in the credits.

Based on what little I saw, they're good at it. They made the cars look great. I kept my spazzy hands under control. The Ferrari survived. Andwonder of wonders-at the end of filming, it almost felt normal.

Almost.

Esquire's Car of the Year will air on the Esquire Network October 24 at 9:00 P.M.



Shazam the photo above to see a preview of the show.



## The 2016 Dodge Charger SRT Hellcat...

SHOULD BE ESQUIRE'S CAR OF THE YEAR

**BY SAM SMITH** 

onsider the 2016 Hellcat. Specifically the Dodge Charger Hellcat, because there are two. The Dodge Challenger Hellcat is a coupe, lean and cramped inside. The Charger Hellcat is the four-door, built on the bones of Dodge's rear-drive rentalcar Charger. The drivetrain is a 6.2-liter supercharged Hemi V-8 that produces 707 hp—this is not a typo.

That engine. Oh my gentle, tire-roastin' Jesus. Mind-altering thrust. It prompts questions: What do you do with 707 hp? (Answer: What don't you?) Why does the world's most powerful mass-produced automobile look like an undercover cop car? (Why not?) Do you really need to roll around in a mantle of tire smoke and vapor-

ized dinosaur? (These days, that pastime has a clock. Live it up.) You can luxuriate in traffic or inhale countries in comfort, four adults and luggage, because it's a Dodge. Try either with your Lamborghini. You can spend \$25,000 more on a Porsche 911 and be 357 horses short. The Hellcat is an atomic sofa, softly sprung and powered by the kind of stars-and-stripes fury usually reserved for battleship cannons.

But this is not the emotion of the thing. The Hellcat lives or dies on the loss of your mind. And everyone who drives it loses their mind—at 5 mph, 40, 100. I cackled. I left every stoplight half-sideways, because the engine is always more than you need or could possibly imagine wanting. And because the car's government-mandated stability-control system lets you do silly

things while it's on, like ferocious pavement abuse. Naturally, I turned it off and did a rolling burnout in second gear. Then third. Then, astonishingly, fourth.

No one saw this coming. Not even Dodge, which can't build the things fast enough. There's a waiting list; dealers are tagging on crazy markups, and people are happily paying. You drive down any main street in America, pedestrians jump off the sidewalk to yell at you. "You got the Hellcat!" one guy in Detroit joyously said. "That's a car!" I didn't argue. Hellcats don't have a visible name badge—Detroit's idea of restraint—but he knew anyway. Throughout history, the world has reacted like this to a handful of American cars: the first Mustang, the first Corvette, the first Viper. And you know what happened to them.

Maybe the success of this thing says we are a flawed people, a nation indulgent and loud. Maybe I can live with that. Maybe I can live with an annual tire budget greater than the cost of the fuel I burn. Seven hundred ponies and a hundred-thousandmile powertrain warranty? This is a machine of an exact moment in time, possible only through the intersection of the supercomputerized automobile and the waning, irresponsible days of the gasoline engine. It is obviously not for everyone. But if you've paid the money and are waking the neighbors with exhaust snort on your way to work, I highly doubt you give a shit. You are part of a beautiful moment. If that isn't the Esquire Car of the Year, I don't know what is.

#### THE SPECS

engine: 707-HP, 6.4-LITER V-8 MILEAGE:

13/22 MPG

O TO 60:

3.7 SECONDS

PRICE:

\$66,940 (THE NON-HELLCAT SRT: \$51,990)



**Mercedes-AMG C63** 

SHOULD BE ESQUIRE'S CAR OF THE YEAR

BY DAVID CURCURITO

ould you rather have your V-8 twin-turbo hand-built by one conscientious man with the balls to put his signature on top of the engine block or slapped together by an endless line of robots? Would you rather be serviced by a company that practically invented the automobile engine or be lumped in with every other dickhead on the road to fix a recalled part? These were the questions world-class racing driver, coach, and instructor René Villeneuve asked me when I told him about the final four in Esquire's Car of the Year backstage at Jones Beach Theater. (I mean, c'mon, isn't that where you're supposed to hang with race-car drivers?) He went on. Let's put it this way: The 2016 Mercedes-AMG C63 is not particularly good at one thing...it happens to be great at everything. Given its balance and speed, it's the car that instructors love to use for teaching. Maybe René's opinion is a little biased. He's an instructor not only at the Skip Barber Racing School but also at the AMG Driving Academy. Regardless, the man lives for fast cars, and I must humbly admit as a lowly motorist that the C63 is amazingly fast. Sure, there are faster cars out there, but who can actually tell the difference between 500 and 700 hp? Me? No chance. Are there cars that might be quicker right off the line? Sure. But who wants to worry about how many miles you have left before you need to park and recharge for hours? As far as groundbreaking electronics and beautiful interiors are concerned, what other manufacturer has beaten Mercedes to the punch...ever? The AMG C63 is a muscle car disguised as a sedan, with the perfect blend of elegance and brutal power.

What's most impressive is the distinc-

engine responds quickly as you merge onto the highway. Sport mode is still quiet, but the steering, suspension, and rpm's are on high alert. Then there's Sport +, as if Sport weren't good enough for this engine. Sport + completely unleashes the monster underneath your ass as the V-8 revs high and the exhaust noise spits, sputters, and screams. When you hit 4000 rpm, you're thrown back in your seat. The steering and suspension are locked into your nervous system, and you can't believe you just cornered at that speed on this particular stretch of country road. The price range starts at about \$64,000 for a 451-hp, 6.3-liter V-8 coupe, and then increases to \$74,175 for the 503-hp AMG C63 S. With all the autonomous-driving add-ons, including the most beautiful heads-up display you've ever seen, you can take this baby up to around 100K, but that isn't even necessary. At its most basic, this car will let people know you're a man with good taste, you're serious about driving, and you're not willing to be categorized with all the other drivers-even drivers of fast cars. You don't even need to be a race-car driver to figure that out.

TΗ	С.	e.	D	C I	ዮ	e
ΙП	E.	O.	П	Ц	U	o

ENGINE: 469-HP. 4.0-LITER V-8 MILEAGE:

18/25 MPG

O TO 60:

PRICE:

4.0 SECONDS

\$66.175

## THE CARS OF THE YEAR

A COMPARISON OF VIRTUES

KEY					SRT			ıo		00e
TO A GREAT EXTENT  KINDA	CTS-V	RCF	ATS-V	GOLF R	CHARGER SRT HELLCAT	AMG C63	хсэо	MIATA MX-5	90Z	MODEL S P90D
ACCELERATION										
SPEED										
AGGRESSIVE ENGINE SOUND										
FUEL ECONOMY										
SUSPENSION										
COMFORT										
PRACTICALITY										
INTELLIGENCE										
ERGONOMICS										
CONFIDENCE-INSPIRING DOOR-CLOSING SOUND										
SIGHTLINES										
THUMBS-UP FROM PEOPLE WALKING ON THE SIDEWALK										
SCOWLS FROM PEOPLE WALKING ON THE SIDEWALK										



BEST SUV 2016 VOLVO XC90

Despite being the first all-new Volvo to be built since Ford sold the brand to Chinese automaker Zhejiang Geely Holding Group in 2010, the XC90, like all Volvos, is still designed in Sweden. And Volvo is still known for safety: The XC90 has Safe Positioning, a system whereby the car cinches the seat belts if it determines it's about to go off-road—we tried it on the Car of the Year and it worked (see page 110)—and seats designed to cushion your spine in a vertical impact (i.e., flying into a ditch). The rollover protection is the hand of God gluing you to the pavement.

None of this is new. But the quality of the build and style are. The XC90 looks modern and substantial. The interior is clean, gorgeous, and utterly lacking in fiddly controls. The razor-sharp center touchscreen actually works and is shockingly fast and intuitive. (Pay attention, Cadillac.) In short, it feels about \$20,000 more expensive than it is. The turbo- and supercharged 316-hp, 2.0-liter four has just enough power, the optional Bowers & Wilkins stereo is astonishing, and the seats are comfy for weeks. Ford let Volvo languishthe last new XC90 came out twelve years ago. The Chinese understand Swedish soul and have built something genuinely refreshing and different. Who knew they had it in them?

**ENGINE:** 316-HP, 2.0-LITER IN-LINE 4

• MILEAGE: 20/25 MPG • 0 TO 60: 6.5

SECONDS • PRICE: \$50,795



BEST WEEKEND DRIVE 2016 MAZDA MIATA MX-5

**To know the** Miata is to know it has "people." When the car launched in 1989, they were older sports-car people. ("My '65 MG isn't running, but this went fifty thousand miles

without a tune-up.") Then they were younger sports-car people, with no knowledge of the sixties, chasing speed on modest cash. ("I want a Porsche, but this is cheap.") Now, twenty-five years in, they effectively constitute a cult, buying the Miata for its Miataness, owning the thing because it makes its own gravy. It's a bare-bones machine, fun for fun's sake. Simple and utterly transparent in what it tells you and how you drive it. Lightweight, direct controls, the feeling that the whole car is a bodysuit.

For a long time, the Miata's problem was its cuteness. Even this year's restyled version—lighter, faster, and less feminine—has a face, for chrissakes. And it's grinning.

But that's the point. You see Miata drivers in traffic, whipping around with the top down, and they're never frowning. They happily pay \$27,000 for a 2,300-pound four-cylinder two-seat car that has just 155 hp. They're grinning, too.

ENGINE: 155-HP, 2.0-LITER IN-LINE 4

• MILEAGE: 27/36 MPG • 0 TO 60 MPH: 5.9

SECONDS (EST.) • PRICE: \$27.215



#### **BEST UPDATE** 2016 CORVETTE ZO6

Every good Corvette is a car of numbers: Eye-bleeding power. Bargain pricing compared with the Europeans. And eight cylinders. So it is with the range-topping Z06: 650 hp, \$80,395, and a supercharged 6.2-liter V-8. Flooring the gas is a window into life with a turbo Porsche, but driving the Corvette fast is more demanding, more entertainingly obnoxious, and it's half the price. This is a thoroughly modern car—computers control everything—but it feels analog and alive under your backbone. Which you will need if you want to get friendly with that V-8. (Alternatives: A quiet death: driving a Prius; a life unexamined and free of police interaction.)

**ENGINE:** 650-HP, 6.2-LITER V-8

• MILEAGE: 15/22 MPG • 0 TO 60 MPH: 2.95

SECONDS • PRICE: \$80,395

#### **QUICK IMPRESSIONS** OF CARS WE CAN'T AFFORD

CORRECTION: ... CARS WE REALLY CAN'T AFFORD



#### **2016 ROLLS-ROYCE GHOST**

You think to yourself: This is what driving a cloud would be like. You think: I have never enjoyed so much interior space. You think: This is nice. Not \$290,000 nice. But nice. Then you emerge from the car, and at the edge of the door compartment, you see a silver disk that begs to be pushed. And so you push it. And out pops the handle of a Rolls-Royce umbrella. And you think: Worth it.



#### 2016 LAMBORGHINI HURACÁN

When you were a kid, you had the Lamborghini Countach or Diablo poster on your wall. You were happy. Then one day you came to realize that you'd probably never actually see a Lamborghini or ever drive one. You were sad. Then, thirty or forty years later, you get to drive a \$240,000 Huracán. Driving it is like befriending a unicorn and riding it for a day. You are happy. And then someone comes to take the unicorn away. Forever. You are miserable.



#### **2016 MASERATI GRANTURISMO**

It's a touring car. You want to go great distances. And for \$135,000, you should. Also: You want to wear driving moccasins. And you have never fancied yourself as a "driving moccasins" kind of driver. A transformative, beautiful car.

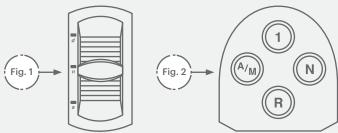


#### **2016 FERRARI F12 BERLINETTA**

Getting into a \$320,000 car is intimidating as hell. Mainly because you'll have no idea how to put it in gear—or in park especially. (See also Alfa Romeo 4C sidebar below.) But once you figure it out, it's one of the most comfortable race cars you'll ever drive—like flying an F-22 fighter in clear skies.

#### POP QUIZ: THE ALFA ROMEO 4C'S MIDDLE CONSOLE

You've just gotten into the 2016 Alfa Romeo 4C Spider. You would like to, uh, drive it. You see two sets of controls that might allow you to do that. Which button do you engage?



KEY (AND ANSWER TO THE QUIZ): Fig. 1 shows the driving-mode controls. d: Dynamic. n: Natural. a: All-Weather. Fig. 2 shows the transmission controls. A/M: Automatic/ Manual. N: Neutral. R: Reverse. 1: Drive. This is the button that puts it in gear. In order to drive, press 1. Now you know what it took us about three minutes in a Midtown Manhattan garage to figure out. Enjoy.



## The 2016 Tesla FINALIST CAR SE YEAR MODELS P90D...

SHOULD BE ESQUIRE'S CAR OF THE YEAR

BY ROSS McCAMMON

ask respectfully: What more do you need?
Is it range you want? Install a charge in the wall of your garage. This is a commuter car. This is a car for people who drive the same distance every day. Depending on the model, you'll have almost 270 miles of range ready to roll. What's your commute? Sixty miles a day? You'll be fine. The fact is you can't depend on supercharging stations yet; there are a little more than five hundred in the United States. There are way more than a hundred thousand gas stations. I get it. The home charger is the way.

Is it price you want? Fine. The 2016 P90D is expensive; it can top out at over \$130,000. Get the Model S 70. It starts at \$76.200.

Is it space you want? You can wait for the Model X SUV, which just came out. Or you could have Tesla install a couple rearfacing child jump seats in the back of your Model S for \$3,000. You open the giant hatch and your kids spill out. You now effectively own a minivan without becoming a driver of a minivan, which is perhaps Elon Musk's single greatest achievement.

Is it speed you want? Fine. The Tesla Model S can't compete with the C63 or the CTS-V or the Charger at speed, at least not speed past, say, 80 miles per hour. But is speed really the thing?

Fast is overrated. It's quick you want. Low-end torque is what flattens your lungs. Low-end torque is what thrills your passenger. Low-end torque is what allows you to use a forty-foot on-ramp to immediately match speeding traffic.

The torque is the thrill—a useful thrill. Is Tesla the quickest-accelerating car?

No. But it is the quickest-accelerating electric car, and it beats all but a few gas-powered production vehicles. And accelerating in an electric car is not like accelerating in a gas-powered car. There's always a lag with a regular car. A crescendo. The quickness of a Tesla is the quickness of an electric roller coaster. You don't accelerate. You launch—in total silence. In a gas-powered car, you're rattled by vibration, you hear thunder, you might smell something burning. Which is pure America, I get it. In the Tesla, the only sensation is gravity. It is exhilarating. It is alarming. It is freaky. It is wonderful.

Is it attitude you want? Tesla flaunts that quickness by calling its ultraquick acceleration mode Ludicrous (which is just a few tenths of a second faster than its Insane mode). It's pure marketing, but it's also funny. How many cars are funny? Cars should be funny.

Obviously, the Tesla Model S P90D should be the Car of the Year. And until another high-performance electric vehicle comes along to best it (virtually every German automaker has one in the works; Audi's electric SUV should be here in a few years), it should be for years to come.

#### THE SPECS











## The 2016 Mercedes-AMG C63 IS THE CAR OF THE YEAR

BY THE EDITORS

his whole process is never easy. Yes, we drive every new car on the market. No hardship, and just as much fun as you'd think. It's the winnowing that's hard. In the beginning, there are two groups: Clunkers and Good Ones. You throw out the former, leave the latter. Then you divide again, into Good and Better. Then again, into Great and Amazing.

And then it gets itchy.

If a car has made it into these pages, we think it's pretty fantastic. Beyond that, the big lesson—the takeaway you get from driving the best cars in the world—is that taste is everything. Good machinery is like good food: Just because something's spectacularly crafted doesn't mean you will like it. And vice versa.

After hours of discussion, arguments, and banter, the vote was unanimous: The 2016 Mercedes-AMG C63 is what we want in a car, but also what we think most of you want. Understated, yet with a healthy dose of style. Gobs of power, more than you need, but not to the point of being irresponsible. Costly but not unreachable; versatile but focused. The 4.0-liter twinturbo V-8 is efficient and seamlessly powerful, brutal yet docile in traffic. It whomps and crackles, the noise alone threatening to peel your hair off your scalp. The interior is beautifully crafted, full of wonderfully satisfying touches—the clicking of the crosshair dash vents! the substantial thunk of the door handles!-but not ostentatious. You can do the silly, terrible things you can do in a Hellcat, but you won't burn fuel like a 747. You can travel long distances with ease-no waiting for a battery charge every few hours-which you can't do in a Tesla. You don't have to explain away subpar details, as you do with the Cadillac.

These are all fine machines, but the Mercedes requires no caveat. Like all balanced fast cars, it's simultaneously calming and thrilling. The people who built it seem to understand the importance of focus, restraint, and joy. It's a thing for you, for us, for the closet wild man and the calm adult and just about everyone in between. It's a toe-curling, balls-out riot, fast as hell and properly balanced. It's the Esquire Car of the Year. 12

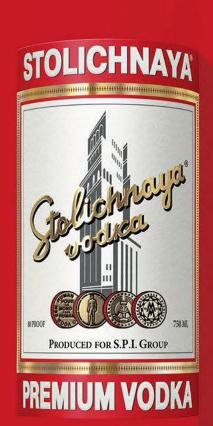


Stolio PRENTIN

## SOME THINGS CHANGE.

## THE VODKA ISN'T ONE OF THEM.







# The American Revolution of C.J. Grisham

The gun question has been settled, in favor of more and more guns. So why, then, with the Second Amendment never more secure, the sudden mania for open carry? Witness Open Carry Texas, where freedom's just another word for turning your state into an armed encampment.

#### BY JOHN H. RICHARDSON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAN WINTERS



## When the big drunk guy drives back for the third time, slanting his SUV to the curb, he steps out with a gun on his hip and stops in the tures and courts. This might seem like a good time for growth and stops in the tures and courts. This might seem like a good time for growth and stops in the tures and courts. This might seem like a good time for growth and stops in the tures and courts. This might seem like a good time for growth and stops in the tures and courts. This might seem like a good time for growth and stops in the tures and courts. This might seem like a good time for growth and stops in the tures and courts. This might seem like a good time for growth and the tures and courts.

"Who am I talking to?" he says. "Anybody? Everybody?"

On the sidewalk stand thirteen heavily armed Texans, a six-year-old boy, and a baby in a stroller. They've got AR-15's on their shoulders, Glocks on their hips, cute little 9mms in ankle holsters. One of the women has a pink tactical weapon that looks like it might deliver lethal valentines. They're from a group called Open Carry Texas, and they're out on this hot summer night in the small town of Temple, an hour north of Austin, to exercise their constitutional right to carry firearms. The drunk guy, exercising the very same right, keeps tearing away in his truck and then circling back to escalate the conflict, so one of the activists has taken a photograph of his license plate as a safety measure.

Now he's pissed. "This ain't your concern, who I am or what I do," he says.

A calm and confident man steps forward. This is C. J. Grisham, the leader of the group, a forty-one-year-old Iraq and Afghanistan veteran who is just five feet five but blessed with twice his share of command presence. Radiating authority from his bright blue eyes, he tries to pull the big guy aside for a more private conversation.

But the big guy ain't having it. He stands his ground in the middle of the street. "Will you do me a favor and please let me have that picture?"

"No," Grisham says calmly, "because-"

"Because it's their right to do so?"

"It is when you drive and you've been drinking," Grisham says. The big guy puffs up. "Is that right?"

"Yes," Grisham says.

For a moment, the big guy seems flummoxed. Along with the revolver on his hip, he's got at least eight inches and one hundred pounds on Grisham, but Grisham has those laser eyes, that unsettling air of confidence, and an AR-15 on his shoulder engraved with a quote from Thomas Jefferson: "I advise the gun. While this gives a moderate exercise to the body, it gives boldness, enterprise, and independence to the mind."

It's a standoff.

"Outstanding!" the big guy finally snaps belligerently.

Grisham glances over at the SUV, noticing a woman in the passenger seat. "If you've got somebody that hasn't been drinking," he says, "it would be better for all of us if she drove."

"All of us? What's best for all of us?"

And just like that, we flash back to a legendary past. Two armed men face each other on a dusty Texas street, testing the limits of individual freedom. The onlookers wait. A dog barks. Time stops. Theory is about to meet practice.

We have always loved our guns. Guns freed us, fed us, protected us from the dangers of the frontier, and served us in war. In an unsettled land where every man was on his own, they became the ultimate talisman of personal security. The result today is more than three hundred million guns in private hands and individual gun rights—despite thirty thousand deaths a year and the ceaseless run of mass shootings in schools, theaters, and churches—steadily affirmed and expanded by legisla-

tures and courts. This might seem like a good time for gun lovers to celebrate. Instead, thousands of Americans like C. J. Grisham are marching with tactical weapons in the streets, pressing their demand for even fewer regulations in the most intimidating way possible, and many say they won't be satisfied until there are no gun regulations at all. But we've become so used to the argument over guns that we might just shrug off Grisham's stand as the same old thing.

It's not. Something very strange is happening in the American mind. Because the more complicated truth is that we've always feared our guns, too. Dueling was such a problem in colonial America, George Washington thought it might derail the revolution. To tame the violence of the frontier, Kentucky passed the first gun-control law in 1813. By the 1840s, lawmakers in states such as Arkansas and Tennessee were already arguing about the implications of the "well-regulated militia" clause of the Second Amendment. The mob violence of Prohibition and the assassination of President Kennedy led to the first federal firearms restrictions, and states and cities continued to pass their own regulations. Often these were bipartisan, especially when black people had the audacity to carry guns; in 1967, Governor Ronald Reagan passed a gun-control law after the Black Panthers held an open-carry event at the California State Capitol.

But the modern era of guns began with the shocking debut of America's new militarized police tactics at the siege of the Branch Davidian compound in Waco in 1993, the pivotal event that sparked the rise of the militia movement, the libertarian movement, and eventually the Tea Party. As the National Rifle Association switched its focus from hunting to attacking the government's "jackbooted thugs" and Republicans rose to power in state and federal offices, the



"LOOK APPROACHABLE. SMILE. WAVE,"
GRISHAM TELLS HIS
MEMBERS. "THE
MORE GUNS THEY
SEE, THE LESS AFRAID
THEY'LL BE." SHAZAM
THIS PHOTO TO SEE
THE TWO OCT
VIDEOS FEATURED
IN THIS STORY.

gun-rights movement racked up victory after victory, culminating in the Supreme Court's 2008 recognition of the individual right to own guns in *District of Columbia* v. *Heller*.

By then, small groups of protesters were already marching with weapons on public streets—first in Ohio, then in Virginia and Utah and Georgia and California, the number rising steadily all through the Bush years. But *Heller* and the presidency of Barack Obama sent the movement into hyperdrive: Gun sales



exploded, gun shows sold Obama targets, the NRA issued constant warnings that Obama had a secret plan to disarm America and impose martial law. Open-carry protests multiplied. Some began dogging Obama events—in New Hampshire, expressing an increasingly common sentiment, one protester carried a sidearm and a sign saying it was "time to water the tree of liberty."

Many states and cities responded by supporting gun rights: Wisconsin legislators wrote a law to remind police officers that carrying a gun wasn't a crime, Chicago abolished its gun registry, a county in Washington state repealed its "no guns allowed" regulation in public parks. In 2012, Oklahoma passed an opencarry law called the Self-Defense Act.

But somehow Texas was a holdout. Police there were fiercely opposed to open carry, saying it would make their lives more dangerous. In the era of mass shootings, they said, how is it even possible to tell the difference between a patriot and a deranged killer? Isn't a pointless tragedy inevitable? The first time Grisham organized a rally in his quiet little central-Texas city, police put snipers on rooftops, called in the FBI and the Department of Homeland Security. and took pictures of everyone in the crowd. Outraged, Grisham responded with an onslaught of activism one gun blog called "the biggest social movement in Texas since the Civil Rights days." Over the next two years, he would lead more than two thousand events across the state and recruit fifty thousand active followers, who pestered their local representatives relentlessly. In January 2016, largely because of him, Texans will be able to carry handguns openly for the first time since Reconstruction. The Dallas Morning News made him a finalist for Texan of the Year.

So tonight, the lone cop who showed up was almost apologetic. "You're out here exercising your right; it doesn't bother me any. I'm all for the Second Amendment. But when people call and say *I'm scared*, I have to check it out."

"We're going to stay away from schools, stay away from residential areas," Grisham reassured him.

"All right, cool."

The group was amiable and easygoing. Most of them were hostile to immigration and skeptical of the president, Barry Soetoro, but they were as suspicious as any liberal of the drug war, the police, the Patriot Act, and the prison system. Few had good words for George W. Bush, the Iraq War, or the Republican party. Gay marriage was a touchier subject, but most took a libertarian attitude. One was wearing a kilt. Another had a ten-inch tattoo of Cartman from South Park—that was Big Jim Everard, the giant cheerful Falstaff of the crew and Grisham's right-hand man, accompanied by his baby and his toddler and Molly, the girlfriend he hadn't quite gotten around to marrying. Grisham's wife, Emily, the one with the pink rifle, was a wholesome Mormon who admitted she would never go to a gun rally on her own.

Grisham gathered them in a circle and went over the rules. "Number one, don't handle your weapon. Watch your hands. Resting them on the stock is not a big deal, but keep your hand away from the trigger assembly. Our purpose is to raise awareness. Look approachable. Smile. Wave."



For the next hour, the reaction couldn't have been more positive: all high fives and honking horns, thanks for standing up for our rights, I'm your Facebook friend, even a promise of discounts at a local store called Love Guns. One soldier parked his car to bring his family over. The only hostile note came from a police officer named Steve Ermis, who roared by a couple times on an electric-green Harley—more on him later.

Then the big guy showed up. He was on foot, dressed in cargo pants and a brown T-shirt. They could smell the booze coming off him from a distance. The funny part is, he was on their side. He said he supported open carry in principle, but in practice he thought it was *fucking stupid because you are exposing your fucking ace in the hole*—and then he grabbed at Everard's sidearm to demonstrate how vulnerable it was. It was a mock grab, nothing serious, but Everard was already put off by the blue language around his family and instinctively covered the gun with his hand. Now it was the big guy's move.

Grisham was talking to some other people while all this was happening. He saw what was going on and hurried over, trying to distract the big guy by arguing with him. "I want to show my ace in the hole! I want them to fold before they even play the game! You want to play the game!"

"I see what you're doing there," the drunk guy said. "I see what you're doing."

He stumbled off and came back again in his truck, circling the

block a few times. That's when they took the picture of his license plate. Then he came back with the gun.

Now he's standing in the middle of the street, flinging out that libertarian-on-libertarian taunt: "All of us? What's best for *all of us*?"

Grisham doesn't answer. Disgusted, the big guy starts for his truck. Then, suddenly, he stops and turns around in the street, fixing his bleary eyes on Grisham. "You think you know me?"

Grisham goes still, waiting for his next move. The men around him freeze too. "This could get interesting," one says.

**Like so many modern social** movements, this one started with a video posted on the Internet. In the video, taken on a cool day in March 2013, Grisham is walking down the side of a country road with his fifteen-year-old son, who is doing a ten-mile hike for a Boy Scout merit badge. He's wearing a hydration backpack and a bush hat with a red bandanna draped over his neck, and he's carrying his AR-15 slung across his chest like a soldier on patrol—which puts him in a legal gray area because you can carry a rifle in Texas but not "in a manner calculated to alarm."

That's when Officer Steve Ermis pulls up in his police cruiser. He's a heavyset guy with twenty-seven years on the force, as well as the owner of a gun shop and a Harley-Davidson with an unusually ugly paint job.

libertarian and avid Ron Paul fan who collected historical military weapons—an M1 Garand, a Mosin-Nagant, a Vietnam-era M16, a Mauser, a Thompson submachine gun, an Uzi. While he was still in middle school, they joined Frank Zappa in the fight against warning labels on explicit song lyrics, which turned him into a lifelong music fan with a special taste for heavy metal. During the school year, they maintained their bond through books: The Declaration of Independence arrived when he was ten, followed by the Constitution and the Magna Carta and Thomas Paine, Alexis de Tocqueville, and Frédéric Bastiat. As he puts it, "Politics was something we could do together to make up for the time we'd lost."

When he was about thirteen, a bully pushed him at school and he finally learned that it was better to fight than to submit. He started getting into a lot of fights. His sister got teased and he started fighting her bullies, too. By his senior year, he was a hard-drinking headbanger with long purple hair. But he also converted to Mormonism so he could marry Emily, a deeply religious girl he'd met in Japan. He was conflicted and searching for a cause. For a while, he poured his energy into the battle against video-game censorship. He worked as a DJ. He worked at Blockbuster. Then he joined the Army and found his calling. He was in the first wave of troops into Baghdad in 2003. He was in the thick of the Fallujah uprising. He fought off an ambush with nothing but a pistol and a hand gre-

## "I'VE DEALT WITH PTSD FOR YEARS NOW, SINCE I GOT BACK. AND I NEVER ONCE THOUGHT ABOUT REACHING FOR MY FIREARM." THEN HE STOPS. "I TAKE THAT BACK. I TAKE THAT BACK."

"Hang on a minute," Ermis says.

Grisham starts walking toward Ermis, with his son waiting behind him. Ermis also has at least eight inches and one hundred pounds on him.

Ermis says, "Don't be touching it."

"Okay," Grisham says, leaving his hands dangling by his sides and the rifle dangling around his neck.

"What are we doing?" Ermis asks.

"We're hiking," Grisham answers.

"We're hiking," Ermis repeats. Then he does a strange thing—without a word, he reaches out and takes hold of Grisham's rifle, lifting it up for a closer look. He seems more fascinated than concerned. "Some reason why you have this?"

"Because I can," Grisham answers.

Without another word, Ermis reaches up to release the clip holding the gun. Grisham's hands come up to the stock and barrel. "Hey, don't disarm me, man," he says—but by the time he gets to "man," Ermis has pulled out his service revolver and pointed it at his head.

Grisham doesn't resist as Ermis pushes him onto the hood of the police car, but he does resist when Ermis tries to force his hands behind his back. "Just let me give my camera to my son and I will do everything you ask," he says. After a brief skirmish, Grisham narrates the sequence to his camera. "I'm taking my camera off. I'm not touching my gun." To his son, he says, "I want you to record this. Is it recording?" Then he tells Ermis, "Now I'm going to do everything you say."

In a normal time, this small-town squabble might have ended in some innocuous lesser charge. But this was not that time and Grisham was not that man. He sees the right to possess weapons as absolute. His whole life had prepared him for this moment, starting in his disorienting and often lonely childhood with a rule-oriented military stepfather who took the family to bases in Tennessee, Florida, and finally Japan. He was small and scrawny and often the target of bullies. He spent his summers in Texas with his biological father, a

nade, winning a Bronze Star.

He loved the Army but had trouble with authority. Sometimes this manifested itself heroically: In Fallujah, when he saw soldiers using a cattle prod on reluctant detainees, he protested to the sergeant, then the lieutenant, and finally the colonel until the practice was stopped. When he was wounded, he fought the same Ladder of No for permission to stay with his unit. Other times it was reckless: When he got back to the States, he started one of the earliest milblogs and became so popular that he was invited twice to the White House, once to meet Bush and once to meet Obama, but that didn't stop him from crossing the political lines soldiers in uniform are supposed to respect, attacking Obama with such relish that the Army launched an investigation.

He can have a grandiose sense of destiny and embattlement, and can be flat-out impossible about anything he considers unjust, no matter how trivial. When his kids' school announced a new policy of mandatory uniforms, Grisham raised such a ruckus that the principal of the school said she was afraid of him, and the Army told him to take down a blog post about the squabble. He fought the order all the way up to a four-star general. "You can't tell me to take it down," he said. "This is my personal blog about a nonmilitary topic." The Army ordered him to undergo an Article 15 hearing and he demanded a full court-martial, an escalation so out of proportion that they settled for giving him a letter of reprimand—which he intends to frame someday as a memento of his fight against tyranny.

He got into another battle when he moved to Texas to finish his Army career at Fort Hood, this time over an order that soldiers had to present IDs to any law-enforcement officer who asked for them. Grisham said it was an illegal order because the Fourth Amendment gives Americans the right to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects. When he got the brush-off, he filed an Inspector General complaint. When the IG brushed him off, he filed a congressional complaint.

Guns are his latest cause-just nine days before his arrest, he

was in front of Temple's city council, fighting for a resolution that would bar the city from enforcing any federal gun laws.

So Grisham was primed for battle, and he already had an Internet following. Meanwhile, the city of Temple was doing everything it could to help turn the whole thing into a grudge match—to start with, Ermis wrote in his police report that he had asked Grisham if he would relinquish his gun. This was not true, as Grisham had pointed out quite emphatically at the scene. The city of Temple also refused to release the dashcam video. Outraged, Grisham, who had access to it as part of the trial process, posted pieces of the video that showed quite clearly that Ermis had asked no such question. Shortly afterward, his attorney called to say that the prosecutor had threatened to put a gag order on the video.

"Oh, really?" Grisham said.

A minute later, he told the attorney the prosecutor couldn't put a gag order on the video.

"Why not?"

"Because I just put the whole thing online."

The video went viral—as of today, it has 430,000 views. In the spring of 2013, Grisham started Open Carry Texas and began small rallies in nearby towns. The prosecutors got even more annoyed, accusing him of using the court system just to promote himself and his

real, he feared for his life and reached up to unclip the gun, which is when Grisham's hands came up. "I grabbed my sidearm for my defense because I—at this point, I don't know what his intentions are."

But even with a gun pointed at his head, he told the prosecutor, Grisham refused to put his hands behind his back.

"He made it conditional that if you let me give my camera to my son, then I'll comply?"

"Yes, sir."

"And he actually called his son up there to you—asked this guy behind you to approach you... with this weapon right there in his hands."

"Yes, sir, that's correct."

"Do you consider that dangerous?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

This testimony pretty much nailed Grisham—there's no doubt he resisted—but it didn't make much sense. If Ermis had been so nervous about the fifteen-year-old Boy Scout so obviously waiting for the whole thing to be over, he would have approached them both from a distance. If he thought the camera handoff was so dangerous, he wouldn't have let Grisham have his way. More likely, as Grisham's attorney tried to bring out, he didn't like the way Grisham talked back. "You asked him why he was carrying the weapon?" "Yes, sir."

#### "THIS IS MORE JUST FOR FUN," GRISHAM SAYS. "EVERYBODY'S GOTTA HAVE AN AK-47." HE PUMPS THE AK AND LAUGHS. "DO I NEED AN AK-47? NO. BUT YOU KNOW WHAT? IT'S AN *AK-47*!"

cause. "This is discovery in the case," one lectured as he turned over more records. "It is not to be disseminated to the press or to any other persons, Internet, Facebook. ... That's not what discovery is for."

They charged him with interfering with a police officer, a misdemeanor that carries a \$2,000 fine and up to six months in jail, but getting a Texas jury to agree with them was hard. In the first trial, which lasted four days, Grisham devoted most of his energy to the argument that there was no reason to stop him in the first place. He knew that stop-and-frisk without probable cause was a big problem for minorities, but finally understood the indignity when he discovered that white-man-with-a-gun could be the functional equivalent of walking-while-brown: "I was treated like a street thug," he told the media. With public sympathy for him rising, the prosecutors scrambled to justify the stop—he was walking on the wrong side of the road, there was a complaint, they had a right to make sure he didn't have a restraining order or a felony charge. Grisham argued that those standards justified pretty much anything the police wanted to do. Was that the kind of America we wanted to live in?

The jury deliberated for two full days before giving up, deadlocked at five to one for acquittal.

That might have been a wise time to drop the whole thing. But the prosecutors refiled the charges and Grisham's attorney responded with a flurry of truly obnoxious litigation, including a motion for a change in venue and an explosive attack on the judge for comments made in his chambers. "He made numerous statements about my client and his wife, who is not at trial in this matter, as being yokels, referred to them as not being good parents and that he wanted to teach them a lesson." This was small-town law as nuclear war.

When Ermis finally got to testify, he sounded like the soul of reason. The school shooting at Sandy Hook had just happened ninety days earlier, there was a school half a mile away, and Grisham was carrying his rifle in "an offensive-ready combat-carry position," so he'd gone up to make sure it wasn't just a toy. When he saw that it was

"And he said, 'Because I can.'"

"That was his answer. Yes, sir."

"And that upset you, didn't it?"

"Sir?"

"That upset you, didn't it?"

"It didn't upset me. No, sir."

And this was Grisham's main point, which went beyond the narrow confines of the law to a matter of simple courtesy. "That's not how you disarm an American citizen," he says. His attorney tried to drive it home over and over. "To be clear, though... as you put your hands on the weapon to release it from the strap, you haven't told Mr. Grisham what you're doing?"

"Not at that point. No, sir."

"So basically you've put hands on him without identifying why you've even detained him?"

"I was going to disarm him and take the weapon. I didn't put a hand on him at that point. No, sir."

Several times, almost plaintively, Ermis said he thought he'd told Grisham what he was doing. Crime scenes are confusing, and being a cop is hard enough without everyone being armed to the teeth. "It all happened so fast," Ermis said.

But under the law, Grisham had resisted a search. The jury found him guilty and imposed a fine of \$2,000, which he paid in nickels.

**Now, two years later,** Grisham is in this bizarre Old West showdown with the big drunk guy and once again things are happening fast—the big guy is in the middle of the street and Grisham is on the sidewalk, the big guy has his little sidearm and Grisham his fearsome black AR-15. They stand there without moving, staring each other down.

Then the big drunk climbs into his SUV and roars off—crisis averted!

The group is a little flustered. Everard stands close to Molly and the baby carriage, keeping an eye out for his son. "This is the first real



GRISHAM PUT OUT AN INTERNET CALL FOR
THE FIRST RALLY IN TEMPLE AND FOUR
HUNDRED PEOPLE SHOWED UP. THE MOVEMENT
GREW VERY FAST.

in the only Muslim neighborhood in the Fort Hood area, half a block from the intersection of Medina and Abu Bakar. But when he was a kid, his father was shot to death in a taxi robbery, which got him interested in self-defense, and he had some delinquent years that ended on a youth farm where he learned to love hunting. Guns gave him discipline, responsibility, and intimations of manly powers to come. In the Army, his gun practically became part of his body. "The only place you don't bring your weapon is when you go into the latrines, and even then you have someone watch it for you."

Everard was in some famous battles, killed a couple insurgents from a tower, called in snipers, and watched heads explode. Once, he had to recover a corpse that had been in the water for three days. "I tried to grab him by his hand, and the skin just..."

"He likes pears!" Molly cries.

The worst was a scene right out of *American Sniper*. "I had to smoke a kid who was maybe ten years old. He was on a bridge, he threw a grenade at one of our vehicles, I spun the turret and unloaded on him with my .50-cal. You don't get over that."

Now he carries a Glock at all times. There's an AR-15 in a hidden compartment in his trunk and more guns stashed all around the house, and he's weary of all the hassles and hostility that come with them—which is what got him so interested in Grisham, who lives just twenty-five miles away. He started following the story on the day of the arrest, they started talking on

Facebook, and soon he was meeting with a group of twenty or thirty people at a nearby coffee shop. If long guns are legal, they agreed, cops shouldn't stop you just for carrying one. And why did they have to conceal their handguns when most other states had open-carry laws? Wasn't this supposed to be Texas? So he made T-shirts and others did graphics for Web sites and flags and they started doing open-carry walkabouts in nearby towns like Harker Heights and Belton, usually just fifteen or twenty people. That October, after Grisham's first jury deadlocked, Everard joined him at an opencarry event at the Alamo that drew four hundred armed protesters.

The movement grew fast. Grisham was charismatic and articulate and had a gift for publicity. He put out an Internet call for the first rally in Temple and four hundred people showed up, some from as far away as New Mexico and Corpus Christi. He got arrested with a toy gun during a Veterans Day ceremony at the state capitol and made national news when he brought forty armed protesters to a suburban Dallas restaurant hosting a meeting of an antigun group called Moms Demand Action. They were outside waiting when the moms walked into the parking lot. "This is their response to the massacre of first-graders," said an outraged mom. "Think how disgusting that is." But Grisham was unrelenting. Just because some people drive their cars into groups of innocent people, he said, doesn't mean you judge all drivers. The crime rates of licensed gun owners are vanishingly small, criminals are always going to get guns, and there were no negative consequences in Ar-

confrontation I've had at one of these," he says. But Grisham says this is the perfect advertisement for open carry. The big guy was drunk and confrontational, and the moment could have turned ugly. "Did I feel on guard? Yes, I felt on guard. I made sure I watched his eyes and his hands. But the bottom line is, nobody reached for a gun."

Because they were showing thirteen aces.

"I had myself ready to if I needed to," Everard says.

But didn't the presence of guns create the dangerous situation in the first place? What about all the statistics showing that states with fewer guns have fewer killings, not to mention the astonishingly low murder rates in gun-free countries like England and Japan? What about Dylann Roof, who'd slaughtered all those people at church just a month earlier? The real question is, given the cost in blood, why is this so important to you? And why now? What is behind this growing passion for guns?

Everard responds with an invitation to a barbecue. The next day, sitting in his open garage with some burgers grilling in the driveway, his son splashing in an inflatable pool and Molly trying out various types of solid food on the baby, he tries to explain. He grew up on a commune in Madison, Wisconsin. He supports social services, gets very indignant about the way courts and prisons treat the poor, and once promoted LGBT rights as a youth advocate for a progressive social-services group called Briarpatch. Witness the giant Cartman tattoo on his leg, which he did himself during a boring weekend in Iraq. And he's no racist—heck, he lives

izona after the state expanded open-carry rights in 2010. If people could just *see* more guns, he sincerely believes, they'd realize that arms are as American as apple pie. Soon there were hundreds of small events happening all the time, all over the state, and thousands of new members joining every week.

The movement definitely drew some hotheads. Grisham had a rule requiring that they notify the police before an event, but a more radical libertarian named Kory Watkins said he didn't "ask for permission" and led an armed group into a Fort Worth Jack-in-the-Box. The terrified employees ran to hide in the freezer, leading the big fast-food chains to announce policies against long guns. Watkins doubled down by leading another armed group into a state legislator's office and refusing to leave, which led to a notorious demand for panic buttons in the Texas State Capitol. Last December, one member of his group was charged with using a gun to kill her husband and stepdaughter. The controversies made Everard and Grisham closer allies. "Do I need to walk into a daycare center with an AK-47 on my back?" Everard says. "I believe in rights, but I believe in people being smart."

Putting the baby on his chest, Everard says that guns have caused a rift with his liberal family, which seems to please him as much as it upsets him. He's also been shot three times, twice in minor hunting accidents and once as a security guard. Most surprising, he readily admits that his intensity on the subject of guns is an aspect of his PTSD from Iraq. "I've come to realize, as I talk to my shrinks, that it's a security thing. I feel more secure having a weapon."

And as long as the average police response time is seven minutes and he has a family to protect, that's not going to change.

**PTSD turns out to be** an important part of Grisham's story, too. He lives in a modest farmhouse between cornfields and an airport, family land. The front porch is full of bicycles, including one they never move because there's a bird's nest in the basket and the bird comes back every year. Inside there's an AR-15 leaning against the door, a rack of board games, and many pictures of Jesus. Every so often his teenage daughter comes through, lying on the sofa and pretending not to listen. "This is an old Chinese SKS. I use it for hunting... this is an around-the-house AR... this is a Punisher from Spike's Tactical, so they didn't make a whole bunch of these ... this is more just for fun—every-body's gotta have an AK-47."

He pumps the AK and laughs. "Do I need an AK-47? No. But you know what? It's an AK-47!"

He doesn't pause a beat at the PTSD question. He's given a lot of thought to this very topic. "I think having firearms around does, on a weird level, make me feel a little calmer. Because one of the things about guys like me with PTSD is you have this hypervigilance—I mean, in Iraq, gosh, I slept with my pistol in my sleeping bag. You had to be ready to go at all times."

This has been the subject of much of his therapy. He saw daily combat. A bullet hit his helmet; he was mortared, hit with IEDs. Three times he gave himself up for dead. Like Everard, he has PTSD acute enough (along with some minor wounds) to justify full military disability. Like many other soldiers, he's pursued high-adrenaline activities like skydiving in an effort to placate his flight-or-fight responses. But gradually, he says, he's been able to "deescalate the perceived threat" and retrain his brain. "We're in America," he tells himself. "We're in the United States. It's not as dangerous as you think. It's not a dangerous place."

And depression? Has that trauma of war plagued him too?

He continues unzipping another gun case. "This is my wife's gun. She's got the best gun in the house."

He pulls out the pink AR-15. A company called Black Rain Ord-

nance built it specifically for Emily, light and low-recoil with a nice Vortex scope and her name engraved on the stock. He speaks as he turns it over in his hands. "You know, I've dealt with PTSD and depression for years now, since—well, since I got back. And I never once thought about reaching for my firearm."

Then he stops. "I take that back. I take that back. Let me be honest here. Hang on, let me just finish puttin' these away."

When the guns are all zipped into their cases, he sits back on the sofa. His eyes are very clear and blue, shadowed by the baseball cap that never leaves his head. Light streams in the windows behind him. The police incident "triggered a massive PTSD relapse," he says. He had already lost his faith in the Army, the central pillar of his life. Friends and acquaintances were turning against him. His stepfather was very critical. His superior officers threatened to give him another Article 15 and he demanded another court-martial. He began to have nightmares of someone pointing a gun at his head or shooting his son, and in the dream he was always helpless—to him the worst feeling of all. It got so bad he moved out of the house and asked for a divorce. "I wanted to end my life and I kind of wanted them to hate me," he says. "If they hated me, it'd be easier to do."

On the sofa, his daughter plays with a Game Boy.

All this was happening during the early days of the movement, when he was leading the first protests at the Alamo and confronting Moms Demand Action. He went into a few restaurants he wishes he hadn't and waffled when a member from Plano posted the phone number of someone who had called the police, defending it on principle before admitting it was a bad idea. He called the Moms "thugs with jugs," and then admitted he was being childish. Once, he made plans to lead a group into a black neighborhood in Houston, though he insists he was trying to encourage them to join the movement. "I was acting most of the time, because it's really hard to lead an organization when in your mind you hate yourself."

Shortly before the verdict came down, on a country road near Temple, he unbuckled his seat belt and drove his car into a tree—but at the last minute he thought of his family and his cause. He couldn't let all those people down. He hit the brakes and totaled his car but emerged unharmed. He moved back into his house and entered an intensive eight-hour-a-day PTSD program.

And what do the therapists want him to change about himself? He chuckles. "Well, obviously, they tell me I need to be a little calmer when I'm approached by law enforcement."

The therapists also talk about his fear of death. "There's always a question, 'Do you feel as if your life will be cut short in any way?' And I say, 'Yeah, I'm afraid a police officer's gonna shoot me.'"

And what do the therapists say to that?

"Well, we talk our way through it. And they say, 'Just don't put yourself in a position where a police officer is gonna shoot you."

He laughs again, and this time the joke is on the therapists, because none of this self-knowledge means he intends to back down in any way. Just two months ago, at an open-carry rally in Abilene, he greeted police officers with his AR-15 and shouts of "What the hell?" and "Tell your man to stand down!" and then lectured them on the law with a profane fury that seems almost suicidal. Rather than making him empathetic to the fears associated with approaching an armed man, his combat experience appears to have inspired the opposite feeling—he has contempt for their fear. The whole thing reeked of personal psychodrama.

Even so, one officer tried to reason with him. "Look what's going [on] around the world."

"Don't give me that crap!" Grisham snorted.

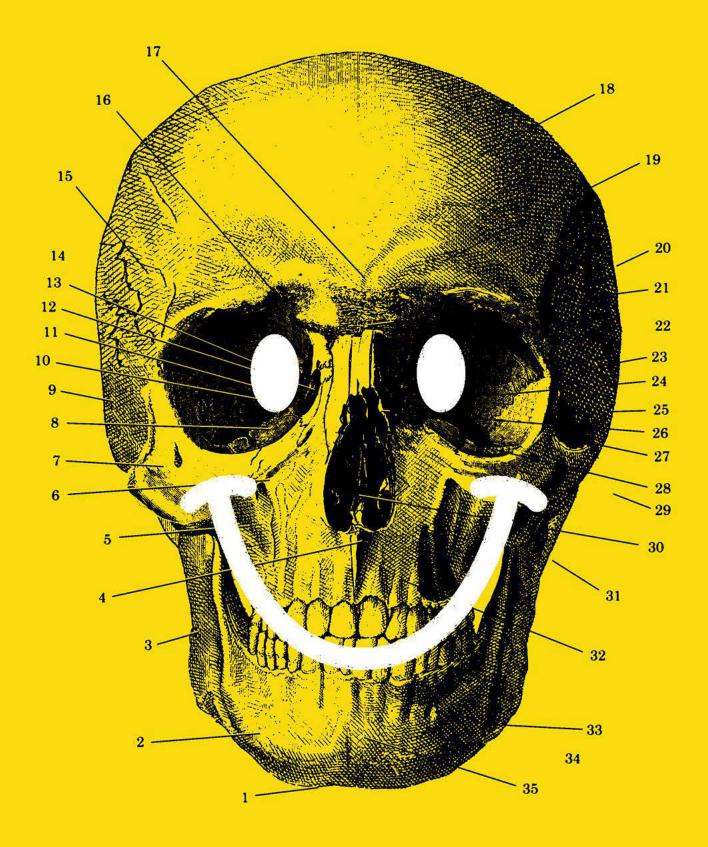
Now he sits back on the couch, grinning. "I hear this all the time: C. J., you just need to know how to pick [continued on page 148]

# PATTI **SMITH**

MUSICIAN, WRITER, ARTIST, 69, NEW YORK CITY | INTERVIEWED BY CAL FUSSMAN ON SEPTEMBER 2, 2015

- > I look at each experience talking to someone as a whole new world.
- > We were a lower-middle-class family, and every time we bemoaned our fate, my mother would say, "I wept because I've no shoes, and then I saw a man who had no feet." That was my mother's mantra, and it's a good one.
- > My father was a beautiful man. When I was a kid, his whole preoccupation was the search for the meaning of life. If a fireman came to the door, he'd invite him in and immediately engage him in some kind of philosophical discussion. Why are we here? Who put us here? What is our purpose?
- > So I had a very down-to-earth, compassionate mother and a head-in-the-clouds, searching father. It was like being raised by the earth and the sky.
- > A lot of people think I'm going to be like a punk rocker and just tell them to go fuck themselves. I'm not like that at all. When I was young, I could be very confrontational. But that was maybe forty years ago. So I've already done that.
- > When you're going up a hill on an Icelandic pony and you're about to jump over a little stream, you must completely believe in the horse and fate. Because if you show fear, you'll spook the horse and the horse may stumble. It's not being reckless. It's being unfettered by doubt. That's my definition of trust.
- > like my mind, and I feared harming it. I saw some of the best minds of my generation, and some a little older than me, destroy themselves in front of my eyes. That's what kept me from the drugs and other excesses in the seventies. I said no not because I lacked courage; it's because I was self-protective. Fear can be useful.
- > I had a taste of fame in the late seventies through rock 'n' roll. It started in Europe, not so much in America. In Florence, we had eighty thousand people come to see us in a soccer arena with no opening band. I had girls chasing me up the street, trying to cut my hair, and there were people offering themselves to me. It was kind of fun. Interesting. But it didn't contribute to any evolution. Not to my work or to my evolution as a human being, and I became very conscious of that very quickly. Very quickly.
- > If you walk the streets alone and you look afraid ... you'll draw people to you. Those are the people who get mugged or robbed. Nothing ever happened to me. I was open, but I wasn't afraid.
- > Milk cost, say, eight cents. Chocolate milk cost ten cents. Robert [Mapplethorpe, the artist and Smith's longtime companion] loved chocolate milk. We didn't have the extra two cents to buy him the chocolate milk, or if we did it would mean I couldn't get my coffee. So it was always a trade-off. We got to a point where it was either a sharpener and three pencils or a grilled-cheese sandwich we could split. Finally, I would just lift the pencils so we could eat.
- > **Friends** isn't even a good enough word.
- > I wrote Just Kids for Robert. I said to him, "Is there anything I can do?" We both knew he was dying. He gave me some tasks he wanted me to do, and then he said, "Will you write our story?" And I shuddered, you know, and said, "Do you really want me to?" And he said, "Yes." And I said, "Well, then I will write it." He knew I would. And he died the next day. It was quite a task, and sometimes, truthfully, I didn't feel up to it and I would shelve it. It took me twenty years to find the courage, the voice, and the energy.
- > lalways doubted—Am I really an artist? Robert had no doubt. He had no doubt that he was an artist, and he wanted me also to have no doubt.
- > Sometimes curiosity is akin to excitement. Sometimes it's just having an investigative mind.
- > All the people that I've lost—and I've lost a lot—I keep them with me. And it makes life that much happier. About six or seven years ago, I saw the perfect shirt for Fred, my late husband. I started paying for it before I even realized what I was doing. And then I bought it anyway. I just keep them all with me because life doesn't have to be so lonely. You know, if you shut everybody out just because they die, then what's it all for?
- > I'm sort of on Life Four. Until I was twenty, there was my life with my family. In the seventies, it was my life with Robert but also Sam Shepard and the band. It was all the things that happened in New York. The next decade and a half was with my husband. And between '94 to 2004, I was raising my children, still going through whatever, grieving. And now my children are grown. In the last ten years, I'm a bum. I'm a happy tramp, just going where I like, on my own. I have no companion, sort of free. The difference is I usually have money in my pocket to eat. I don't have to go scarfing around for sixty-five cents for a sandwich.
- > Maybe curiosity killed the cat, but the lack of curiosity will kill us. 12





Fun fact number one: Half of all men who die in this country this year will be killed by heart disease, stroke, or cancer.

Fun fact number two: Half of all doctors seem to have different ideas about how to prevent the biggest killers of men. We spoke to the best of them, and over the following pages, we simplify, clarify, and prioritize their advice on minimizing the risks of dying before your time.

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL SAHRE

And Introducing: The Esquire Anti-Death Panel

**Dr. Michael Roizen**, chief wellness officer at the Cleveland Clinic and author of This Is Your Do-Over: The 7 Secrets to Losing Weight, Living Longer, and Getting a Second Chance at the Life You Want **Dr. Steven Kaplan,** director of benign urologic disease at Mount Sinai Health System

**Dr. Kimberly Gudzune,** assistant professor of medicine at Johns Hopkins School of Medicine

**Dr. Donald Hensrud,** director of the Healthy Living Program at the Mayo Clinic

**Dr. Mark Litwin,** chair of the department of urology at the David Geffen School of Medicine at UCLA

#### THE

# SUPPLEMENTED LIFE

There are the 65,000 vitamins and supplements that cost Americans billions of dollars every year, most of which science tells us we don't really need. Then there are these eight pills, which, if taken every day, help combat the biggest killers of men.

THE KILLERS

HEART DISEASE

STROKE

LUNG CANCER

PROSTATE CANCER

**COLON CANCER** 





THE MULTIVITAMIN

Why: It's been shown to reduce the risk of cancer in men over the age of fifty. For men under fifty, it enhances organ function and optimizes cell repair.

Daily dose: One pill, half with breakfast and half with dinner, to optimize absorption and maintain steady levels in your bloodstream. For maximum effect, an older-guy make like Centrum Silver has higher amounts of the most impactful vitamins and minerals.

Prevents: • •





**BABY ASPIRIN** 

Why: Thins the blood, prevents clotting, and protects against arterial disease and strokes. Also decreases risk of six cancers, including colon and prostate.

Daily dose: Two tablets, at night, with warm water. There can be risks—aspirin can affect the body's platelet function, making your bleeding time longer; it can also irritate your stomach-so as an alternative, consider lumbrokinase, an allnatural supplement that prevents clots without many of aspirin's side effects.

Prevents: • • • •





#### **CALCIUM** AND MAGNESIUM

Why: Optimize colon function.

Daily dose: One pill of each, for 600 mg of calcium and 400 of magnesium.

Prevents:



#### VITAMIN D<sub>3</sub>

Why: Twenty to 50 percent of Americans have suboptimal levels of vitamin D, with those deficiencies linked to increased overall mortality.

Daily dose: One pill that contains 1,000 IIIs

Prevents: • • • • •

COMMON-

#### SENSE LIFESAVER

#### More sex.

"The more orgasms a man has"-through either intercourse or masturbation-"the lower his risk of prostate cancer," says Roizen.





#### **SOME FIBER**

Why: Lowers cholesterol and blood sugar, lowers risk of heart disease.

Daily dose: Ten grams, however you get it. Prevents: •



#### HEAVY-DOSE ANTIOXIDANT SUPPLEMENTS

"Vitamin E in large doses may be associated with increased cardiovascular mortality," says Hensrud. "Beta-carotene in large doses is tied to an increased risk of lung cancer. The trick is that foods that contain these antioxidants are beneficial, but not large-dose supplements."

#### FISH-OIL PILLS

"New data on fish-oil and omega-3 supplements show they don't give any substantial benefits" to health, says Hensrud. "To get omega-3 fatty acids and help protect against heart disease, add two servings a week of fish to your diet. You can't just pop a pill to get what you need."

#### 25/25/50:

#### The Just-Enough Guide to Death-Defying Fitness

"EXERCISE PROTECTS AGAINST CARDIOVASCULAR DISEASE," SAYS HENSRUD. "IT HELPS LOWER YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE, WHICH IS RELATED TO STROKE. AND STUDIES HAVE SHOWN PEOPLE WHO EXERCISE HAVE A LOWER RATE OF COLON CANCER." HERE'S THE BARE MINIMUM TO REAP THE BENEFITS.

25%

Resistance training—anything from push-ups to free weights to bands. Twenty minutes, twice a week. 25%

Cardio—ranging from sports (basketball, racket sports) to running, biking, etc. Twenty minutes, three times a week.



"Half of the health benefits from exercise come from doing any physical activity," says Roizen. Walk 10,000 steps daily—8,000 doesn't give as many good benefits, while 12,000 doesn't give any more benefits. Plus: Forty jumps a day, which can be jump rope or jumping jacks.



#### WHAT TO EAT

#### THE ANTI-INFLAMMATION DIET

Eat less food, eat better food, eat like a caveman:

There are all different kinds of ways to lose weight. This one is about preventing disease.

FIRST, A DEFINITION: "Inflammation is the result of your own immune system attacking your tissues, usually in hopes of getting rid of a foreign invader," explains Roizen. "It diverts your immune system from dealing with serious invaders like cancer, and inflammation in your existing arterial plaque can lead to a stroke or heart attack." Inflammation is the enemy, and when you eat to prevent inflammation, you're eating to restore your body's natural disease-fighting mechanisms.

An anti-inflammation diet is basically vegan—no milk, no eggs, no butter or cheese—except you're allowed salmon, ocean trout, and a little chicken a few times a week. (Red meat is especially prohibited because "it alters the bacteria in your body to produce inflammation," says Roizen.) It's heavy on fruits and vegetables, as much and as often as you can, with bonus points for colorful ones (greens, reds, yellows) that are loaded with cancer-fighting antioxidants; a couple servings a day of whole grains like whole-wheat bread, brown rice, and oatmeal; and a handful of nuts, for an afternoon snack, since they decrease the risk of heart disease.

#### Eat Less, Live Longer. Maybe.

ou've probably heard of the calorie-restriction diet: You eat at least 30 percent fewer calories than normal humans, about 1,750 instead of 2,500 for an adult male. If you keep yourself on the verge of starvation, CR devotees claim, you can extend your life span past 100 years, perhaps 120. (The theory is that the body switches into an emergency defensive state and slows your metabolism, producing fewer cell-damaging free radicals.)

A few years ago, I tried the CR diet for a book I was writing about health. I spent hours a week filling in spreadsheets with apple calories, weighing food, and watching friends eat. I was perpetually hangry, though CR fans say that you get used to it. In fact, you start to love it. You feel energized. "I literally get high from it," said one CR expert I visited.

So does CR work? Well, I'm still alive, so I guess that's one data point. And there actually is some science to support it. In a Cornell study back in 1934, researchers doubled the life spans of mice with extremely low-calorie diets. Similar studies have postponed death in worms and spiders. But in primates, the evidence is far from conclusive. Monkey studies have been contradictory. There have been promising studies in humans that show a reduction in diabetes and clogged arteries among practitioners. But so far, we lack rigorous long-term studies about extended life span.

The general idea is right. It's probably good to eat less than we do now. American portions are embarrassingly big. But as for radical measures? I prefer to risk dying before a hundred and splurge on the sporadic curly cheese fry. —A. J. JACOBS



RECOMMENDED

#### DAILY ALLOWANCES

We know, we know: everything in moderation. But how much of the below can we have without causing damage?



#### BUTTER

RDA: About one tablespoon (or an eighth of a stick) a day. Even though recent studies found no evidence linking butter to higher incidence of heart disease, most doctors still advise moderation.



#### **EGGS**

RDA: About one a day (but no more than six a week). Also: Poached and boiled eggs are better for you than scrambled and fried.



#### MARIJUANA

RDA: One joint a day; studies show anything more could lead to respiratory problems.



#### RED MEAT

RDA: You shouldn't be eating red meat every day; instead, limit yourself to 18 ounces of lean, unprocessed red meat a week. (Processed meats like sausage, bacon, and salami have been linked to all kinds of ailments and should be avoided.)



#### COFFEE

RDA: Five 8-ounce cups of filtered coffee a day. (That's filtered. Unfiltered coffees like espresso are oilier and have been associated with raising cholesterol.)

## reamlined

#### Checkup

MEN IN THEIR THIRTIES SHOULD GO TO THE DOCTOR FOR A PHYSICAL THREE TIMES A DECADE: IN THEIR FORTIES, FOUR TIMES A DECADE; FIFTIES, FIVE TIMES A DECADE. THESE ARE THE TESTS THAT NEED RUNNING.

#### **Cholesterol**

Why: Heart attacks and strokes. You want to see your HDL over 50: anything lower could be a red flag. For both triglycerides and LDL, you want to keep things under 100. When to check it: Every

#### **Blood pressure**

Why: Heart attacks and strokes. Keep it around 115/75.

When to check it: Every time.

#### **Blood** alucose

five years.

Why: Diabetes, which is one of the major risk factors for heart disease.

When to check it: Every three years, starting when you're forty-five.

#### Colonoscopy

Why: Colon cancer. When to do it: Every ten years, starting when you're fifty. (Unless you have parent or sibling family history, in which case start at forty.) After an initial colonoscopy, you may be able to skip future ones and instead get a prescription for noninvasive Cologuard every three years. "It's an FDA-approved colon-cancer screening test where you collect your stool at home and it looks for DNA changes and blood," savs Hensrud.

#### **PSA** (prostate-specific antigen) and DRE (digital rectal exam)

Why: "Prostate cancer is the most common cancer in men in the U.S," says Litwin, and anything above 4 on your PSA might be cause for concern. About that might: PSA tests are increasingly considered unreliable because of their rates of false positives and

negatives. However, they remain the best and most widely accessible method for early cancer detection, so until a replacement is available to the masses, the PSA (and the good old-fashioned finger exam) it is.

When to do them: Every five years, starting at fifty. (Unless you have parent or sibling family history, in which case start at forty.)



"An EKG is a very, very poor screening test for heart disease," says Hensrud. Instead, you could ask your doctor for a stress test, which involves intense exercise under supervision. But according to Hensrud, "it's only recommended if someone is starting an exercise program and has a lot of risk factors for heart disease: overweight, in his fifties or sixties, with high cholesterol and high blood pressure."

#### **At-home** genetic testing It seems like a pretty

great tool: Spit in a tube, send it away to a lab, and in four to six weeks you'll know what potential diseases lurk in your genetic makeup. However, genes are only half the picture, if that. "Right now there's not a great genetic test out there to tell someone their risk for these top killers," says Amber Volk, a certified genetic counselor in Minneapolis. "The direct-to-consumer genetic tests say what your genetic factors are, and we can further predict if someone has an increased or decreased risk for a certain health problem. But there is no genetic testing that will tell you a yes or no answer about whether you will get a disease or not, since lifestyle factors like diet and exercise can also play a role."

#### COMMON-SENSE LIFESAVER

#### Chill the f\*ck out.

"Unmanaged stress increases your risk of heart disease, stroke, all cancers, and type-two diabetes," says Roizen. Ten minutes of meditation every day via apps like Headspace and Calm; acupuncture; sex. Anything that clears your head and takes the edge off will help lower your blood pressure and reduce inflammation.

#### The Thing We All Worry About but Probably Won't Die From

he brain aneurysm has a reputation as lethal, stealthy, and ubiquitous, and yet it is not really any of those things. Only 30,000 Americans each year have a brain aneurysm rupture (compare that with 735,000 heart attacks each year), and 35 percent of them survive it beyond six months. "A brain aneurysm is caused by an abnormality in a blood vessel that someone may have had since birth," says Gudzune. And since doctors can't really prevent them from originating, they can only diagnose and treat them. If you have a connective-tissue disorder, circulatory problems, or a history of head trauma, talk to your doctor about whether you should be screened. Otherwise, worry not.

When it comes to operating on a diseased organ, it's a no-brainer.

But what happens when we start removing healthy body parts because someday, somehow, they might kill us?

BY CURTIS PESMEN

# AMOST

# EXTREME MEASURE

LET US BE LOVERS, LET US BE OPEN TO SIREN songs of death cheated and lives prolonged. Two and a half years ago, a well-known woman published an essay in *The New York Times*, "My Medical Choice," about how she decided at thirty-seven years of age to prophylactically, preventively surgically remove her healthy breasts in order to reduce her chances of dying from cancer.

"My mother fought cancer for almost a decade and died at fifty-six," the woman wrote. Ovarian cancer. The woman's six children had asked her if the same might happen to her, and "I have always told them not to worry, but the truth is I carry a 'faulty' gene, BR-CA1, which sharply increases my risk of developing breast cancer and ovarian cancer." Her particular genetic marker, BRCA1, and a related gene tied to sex glands, BRCA2, are extremely rare mutations, and her doctors determined she faced an 87 percent risk of developing breast cancer at some point in her life. Prophylactic surgery was a way out, and postsurgery, her doctors announced her

chances of developing breast cancer had dropped to below 5 percent. Not cured, exactly, but Angelina Jolie and her brood of Jolie-Pitts may well have felt 82 percent more relieved. (Two years later, to address the concerns about ovarian cancer, she would have two ovaries and two fallopian tubes removed prophylactically, and she would write an essay in the *Times* about that decision, too.)

Within three weeks of Jolie's double mastectomy, a fifty-three-year-old British businessman opted to have his healthy prostate removed. The man had enrolled in a clinical trial at the Institute of Cancer Research in London, and his doctors discovered that he carried the faulty BRCA2 gene and thus faced a heightened risk of prostate cancer. Rather than follow the standard of care for potentially high-risk patients—regular blood tests looking for signs of prostate trouble, operating only if cancer is detected and deemed aggressive—he and his doctors determined the most effective way to prevent any eventual onset of prostate cancer, a disease that kills close to thirty thousand men in the U.S. (and eleven thousand in

the UK) every year, was to remove the organ altogether before the cancer set in. The surgeon who performed the procedure told The Sunday Times: "This patient is now absolutely fine. A number of these BRCA families have now been identified, and knowing you are a carrier is like having the Sword of Damocles hanging over you. You are living in a state of constant fear. I am sure more male BRCA carriers will now follow suit."

The patient (who remains anonymous) was said at the time to have made medical history as the first man to undergo a preventive prostatectomy.

This was not exactly true.

LET US BE FRANK, FOR WHEN IT COMES TO matters below the belt, men have time and again taken matters into their own hands. Which is pretty much what John Yavornik decided to do fourteen years ago when the shaggy-haired Dallas dentist, then fifty-two, felt something wasn't quite right with his prostate. Somehow he sensed trouble with the walnut-sized, hormone-fed sexual gland that wraps around a man's urethra-hard by the bladder and snugged up against the rectum—and houses all manner of nerves that act to trigger erections from one's teens to one's seventies. No, Yavornik wasn't up peeing four times a night, seven to ten times during the day, as countless men with swollen prostates do with life-altering urgency. This here was different. Probably nothing big, maybe BPH (benign prostatic hypertrophy, a condition that constricts urine flow when the gland grows over time), but something.

Over the previous six months, Yavornik's PSA numbers, the best available gauge of prostate cancer, had shown a steady rise in prostate-specific antigen amounts in his blood, from 1.0 ng/mL to 3.0. All within healthy limits, but Yavornik and his then wife, a family practitioner, were concerned by the PSA's relatively rapid rise. There was also his family history: His maternal and paternal grandfathers had both died of prostate cancer; his father had died of prostate cancer after eight years of prolonged treatment; and his uncle—his dad's brother-had been killed by the disease. Plus, his sister had been diagnosed with breast cancer, another familial sexual-gland cancer, in middle age. Death by Cancer was rarely far from his mind, and he felt something was wrong deep inside him, a feeling that he still can't explain to anyone's (much less his own) satisfaction. "It was metaphysical," he says on a recent summer day, seated in the living room of the New Mexico adobe ranch home he built with his hands from the red rock up over seven years. "I can't describe it exactly, but I had a feeling that my prostate should be looked at."

Yavornik's first stop was a local urologist in Dallas. After performing a PSA test and a digital rectal exam, and after taking six coreneedle biopsies with a staple-gun-like needle-coring device, the doctor found nothing. Biopsy came back clean; PSA results were by-the-book normal. (Anything above 4.0 would have been suspicious, although readings of PSA can often spike into the teens or

twenties or higher and are still not necessarily, or reliably, a signal of "cancer." The blood test measures a level of prostate antigena protein—after all, not a concentration of cancer cells.) All fine.

Still, Yavornik didn't feel fine, and he sought a second opinion. Dallas Doc No. 2 took his history and then retreated to the exam table to examine him more carefully. He felt around, finding unremarkable prostate sponginess via a rectal wall. But because Yavornik seemed more anxious than most patients, this urologist decided to go the extra millimeter and take not six or twelve but at least twenty core-needle biopsies of Yavornik's prostate gland.

"If I don't find it, you don't have it," Doc No. 2 told him.

The pathology results came back negative—no cancer was evident. Yet this round of biopsy showed atypia, or unnaturally shaped cells, and studies have shown that about 40 percent of prostate patients diagnosed with atypia in biopsy number one would, within six months, have a cancer diagnosis in biopsy two. The rising PSA count, a harrowing family medical history, the troubling atypia: Yavornik didn't feel much like watching and waiting. "I felt, with my dad's and uncle's death, and my sister's diagnosis of breast cancer, that I had all these bullets coming at me," he says. "I felt like if I waited five years, with my prostate left in my body like my dad did, it would be too late. It could have metastasized." He wanted his prostate gone, and when the first two urologists he contacted refused to perform prophylactic surgery, citing the potential for lifelong surgical complications (see below) when there may not even be cancer, he did what any reasonable person in search of something extreme and unusual would do.

He went to Florida.

LET US FLY TO MIAMI IF WE MUST, TO FIND the best doctors for our bodies as men, when the best biomarker evidence of its time is simply con-• fusing or comes up wanting. This is where Yavornik found Doctor No. 3, Arnon Krongrad, a Miami-area urologic surgeon who was an early developer of laparoscopic (i.e., less invasive) prostate surgery. Krongrad welcomed Yavornik and his wife to his urology practice with a mix of warmth and healthy skepticism, taking it all in: Two licensed practicing urologists already had examined this patient thoroughly; the two together had tested his blood with the best available test at the time and had taken at least twenty-six different samples of his prostate gland and put them under a microscope; and neither doctor, nor any pathologist, had found any evidence of cancer. Yet the patient wanted him to remove his seemingly healthy prostate.

"I refused at first," says Krongrad, who wondered whether Yavornik was, perhaps, just a little bit nuts.

"For all I knew, the guy was waking up at night afraid his prostate was going to eat him," says Krongrad. "But a psychiatrist I sent him to said he was 'anxious' but rational." Krongrad consulted with other urologists and a medical ethicist, and "the doctors I consult-

#### The Prostateless Life

BEYOND THE OFT-REPORTED EFFECTS OF URINARY INCONTINENCE AND IMPOTENCE FOLLOWING SURGERY, THERE ARE A NUMBER OF LESS WIDELY KNOWN POSSIBLE SIDE EFFECTS OF PROSTATE REMOVAL

#### Shrunken penises.

As many men are prescribed antiandrogen (hormone) treatments to block testosterone effects on advanced prostate-cancer tissue, Dr. Celestia Higano

of the University of Washington reports that up to 68 percent of men experience penile shortening after radical prostatectomy surgery.

"Dry orgasm"—or, rather, orgasm without ejaculation, which occurs after surgery when retrograde ejaculation sends semen back into the bladder instead of out the penis.

Depression, which often follows drastic hormonal treatments or surgery, especially when the surgery targets the sex organs with resultant effects upon sex partners.

#### "I felt like if I waited five years, with my prostate left in my body like my dad did, it would be too late. It could have metastasized."

ed didn't have a problem with the surgery. They wanted to know: 'What did the lawyers say?' So I had lawyers look at it, and they asked, *How would Yavornik's case be different from a woman having her breasts removed to prevent breast cancer, or a man or woman having their colon removed to try and prevent colorectal cancer?* Legally, there wouldn't be much difference at all."

Krongrad took the case and performed a laparoscopic radical prostatectomy on Yavornik, slicing his prostate into sections, almost like quartering a citrus fruit. Krongrad pulled the sections out of Yavornik's abdomen and navel area, and when the pathology results came back from the lab, the slides showed something unexpected: Not only was there evidence of cancerous cells in Yavornik's tissue, but the organ was "loaded with cancer that the biopsies missed," says Krongrad. "It was wall-to-wall cancer." Luckily, the cancer had been encapsulated within the prostate gland, meaning the cells had yet to spread to surrounding organs. The cancer had been caught and contained.

Yavornik woke from surgery, took in the news, and felt relief. His greatest fear, of early death from prostate cancer, could now be filed and stashed away. He no longer had a prostate, and he was finally at peace.

by our prostate-patient brethren—220,000 men receive a diagnosis of prostate cancer each year in the U.S., and more than 27,000 die annually from it. Let us acknowledge also that while millions of lives have been saved by PSAs, needle biopsies, rectal exams, surgery, radiation, radioactive seed therapy, cryotherapy, and chemotherapy—plus new targeted prostate-cancer therapy—millions of men have been overtreated (sometimes when no treatment was required) and left incontinent, impotent, and generally numb where they once felt alive. And let us ask a question of Yavornik's case that must be asked: Does the fact that he was right about the cancer in his prostate mean the doctors who wouldn't operate on him were wrong?

The answer, according to the overwhelming majority of oncologists and surgeons, is no—at least for now. "If you are scared out of your mind that you are going to die of prostate or breast cancer, and the chances would go way down if you had the [organ] removed, well, we don't yet know enough to say that that strategy would work for everybody," says Anna Barker, former deputy director of the National Cancer Institute and now professor of transformative health-care networks at Arizona State University in Tempe. "I am not convinced that removing tissue, removing that organ, is the *entire* answer."

Consider a living-room lamp in your home that flickers, then goes dark, dies out. Removing and replacing a bulb or even the

entire lamp may indeed fix the problem for six months or a year, but maybe that's all. What if the problem didn't begin inside the glowing bulbs or the lamp fixture housing them? What if the problem started in the wall, in contacts back inside the light switch fully twenty feet across the room? In that case, removing the entire light may not fix the problem at all. Same with preemptively removing, say, a prostate: What if the cancer process began with a confluence of events at a totally different site from the prostate and removing the seemingly healthy organ wouldn't impact the eventual outcome? Fact is, fact was, scientists still don't know enough about most forms of cancer to understand its exact origins, including prostate cancer, which is aggressive in only 15 percent of those diagnosed with it.

What's more, the various prostate-cancer screening tests in use today, many of them the very same ones that failed to pick up Yavornik's cancer, are all lacking in their own troubling way. "The more screening we do, the more indolent [slowly progressing, probably nonlethal] disease we're picking up among patients," says Peter Carroll, professor and chair of the urology department at the University of California, San Francisco and a leading researcher in the field—and that's when the diseases are picked up at all. According to a recent report from the prestigious American Society of Clinical Oncology (ASCO), "ASCO, the American Urological Association, the American College of Physicians, and the U.S. Preventive Services Task Force have released revised prostate cancer screening guidelines that recommend reducing or completely eliminating the use of PSA screening for prostate cancer" due to its unreliability. (Some studies estimate the rate of false negatives, i.e., a low PSA score when cancer is present, at 20 percent, and the rate of false positives, i.e., a high PSA score when there is no cancer, at 75 percent.) The core-needle biopsies, with their thin needles, aren't always able to distinguish fast-growing cancers from slower-growing ones. And the technology to isolate predictive genes for prostate cancer, which wasn't available for Yavornik in 2001, remains controversial, with gene tests failing to account for the lifestyle and environmental factors that can lead to cancer. To take an extreme action in the face of such uncertainties—and there are few actions more extreme than healthy organ removal—requires a leap of faith that most doctors are not ready to make.

To clear up those uncertainties, says Carroll, "the idea is to use modern technology to find who is more at risk and to then screen these people more carefully." And that change is coming. According to Jonathan Simons, president and CEO of the Prostate Cancer Foundation, "There will be additional tests beyond PSA in the next three years to [diagnose and] treat prostate cancer earlier." Enhanced genomic tests, urine tests, and other biomarker tests will help men like Yavornik and their doctors make the best decision for when and how to monitor and treat their disease through surveillance, radiation, chemotherapy, precision-medicine therapy-or surgery. And as many new targeted, precision-medicine cancer drugs enter the picture, patients will need to take new measures to learn about and prepare for side effects and expected outcomes. The notion of "informed consent" when treatment or surgery begins will become far more important and wide-ranging in oncology than in years past.

What Yavornik did right when he felt medically wronged was go further than most. He went out and got a far-flung third opinion from a doc who went out and got at least *five* other opinions. His case was decidedly unconventional, but not otherworldly. And perhaps most important, he knew all his options before taking the most extreme route, even though he wasn't always sure of his decision. A few days post-op, with his then [continued on page 150]





# TRANSGENDER WHEN TRANSGENDER WASN'T COOL

Transgender men and women have lived openly for decades in America. Most of them transitioned before it was remotely acceptable to the wider culture—and so made possible the social transformation in gender identity that we are seeing today. The three women and two men on these pages lived much of their lives as one sex and then, along with thousands of others, have lived long, accomplished (and dangerous) lives as another. They are a comment on the abiding nature of the human impulse to change sexual identity (at a moment when it's almost regarded as a fad) and also emblematic of those who did so when it was so much harder.

Interviews by Richard Dorment
Photographs by
Delphine Diallo

#### Christina Kahrl, 47

WRITER AND EDITOR FOR ESPN.COM IN CHICAGO; COFOUNDER OF THE BASEBALL PROSPECTUS. TRANSITIONED IN 2002.

"A benefit and a hazard of being trans is you can end up talking about being trans all the time, which can become kind of self-alienating. I'm visibly trans, I am out as trans, there was no way I was ever gonna hide being trans, but I'm not talking about being trans unless people wanna talk about it. For me, I preferred to focus on the things that I had in common with others. I always joke that sports is the ultimate social lubricant: It's the harmless subject; it's the thing that almost everybody has some facility with. Which, if you're at the ballpark, we're all talking about the ballgame. When I go into a Major League Baseball locker room, I'm just another schlub with a mic. And then that ends up being something of a transgressive act, because people realize: 'I met a trans person, and they're kind of like me.' This is an awesome moment in history, but it's also kind of a very transient moment. Making sure that trans people get all the same benefits of citizenship in this country, that's something that we will be working for lifetime after lifetime. Trans people, we don't get a blow-upthe-Death-Star moment. We're not going to get everything we need all at once. It's going to be a long haul."

#### Renée Richards, 81

OPHTHALMOLOGIST IN NEW YORK; FORMER TENNIS PLAYER AND COACH; PLAINTIFF IN LANDMARK RICHARDS V. USTA COURT RULING, WHICH ALLOWED HER TO COMPETE PROFESSIONALLY AS A WOMAN IN THE U.S. OPEN; AUTHOR OF THE MEMOIR SPY NIGHT & OTHER MEMORIES. TRANSITIONED IN 1975.

"In my day, of course, everything was done secretly and quietly, and if somebody went through the transformation, they did it privately. It was called 'woodworking': You merged into the woodwork after your transformation and you tried to lead a new life without people knowing what your previous life had been. And that's what I tried to do. I changed my name, I moved three thousand miles away, I started my new life. I was taken care of by my friends and by my employer, who took me on as an assistant ophthalmologist. I tried to merge into the woodwork, and my undoing came when I played in a tennis tournament in California.

"I am mystified to this day by the celebrity part of [being transgender]—with Chaz Bono and now Caitlyn Jenner, and people going on television announcing that this week I'm Christopher and next week I will be Christine. These were things beyond my imagination when I was trying to become accepted as a woman and I was found out

and became a public figure. I never wanted to be considered somebody who was a trans-something. I've had a wonderful life, and I can't complain, and I happily spent forty years as a man and then happily forty years as a woman. But would I wish I would never have been born a transsexual or transgender? Yes. I don't wish being a transgender individual on anybody. The transgender community gets battered on both ends. They get battered by society from people who are hostile to them, and they need the protection of the law against violence and assault, and they get battered on the end of their own families, a lot of whom don't accept them and don't understand them. The work that needs to be done is primarily societal and legal, but from my standpoint as a scientist, as a physician, I would love to know whether there is some prenatal or hormonal or genetic preconditions that set it up for someone to announce when they're only two years old that they are a girl rather than a boy. If you could prevent the condition from ever getting started, that would be desirable. I don't like the world of yellows and browns and grays. I like the world of blue and pink. I think that the spice of life is the fact that there are men and women. And I think that if there could be no transgenders in the next one hundred years, I would go for it."









#### Kylar Broadus, 52

ATTORNEY AND COLLEGE PROFESSOR IN WASHINGTON, D. C.; COFOUNDER AND EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, THE TRANS PEOPLE OF COLOR COALITION. TRANSITIONED IN 1994.

"I grew up in what we called the buckle of the Bible Belt, and I prayed every day after school, asking God to fix me. I never understood why people related to me in a female sense—I've always been a man, I've never thought different in my head. Until the Internet took off, [transgender] people felt they were alone, in their own little silo, and really most people thought they were mentally ill, because that's what transgenderism was considered: a mental illness. My folksmeaning brown and black folks-have traditionally transitioned much earlier in life, and we face the stigmatism of having transitioned early as well as our race and ethnicity. Those barriers are hard to overcome in this society. Even though I was older doing the transition, it was awkward for me in corporate America.

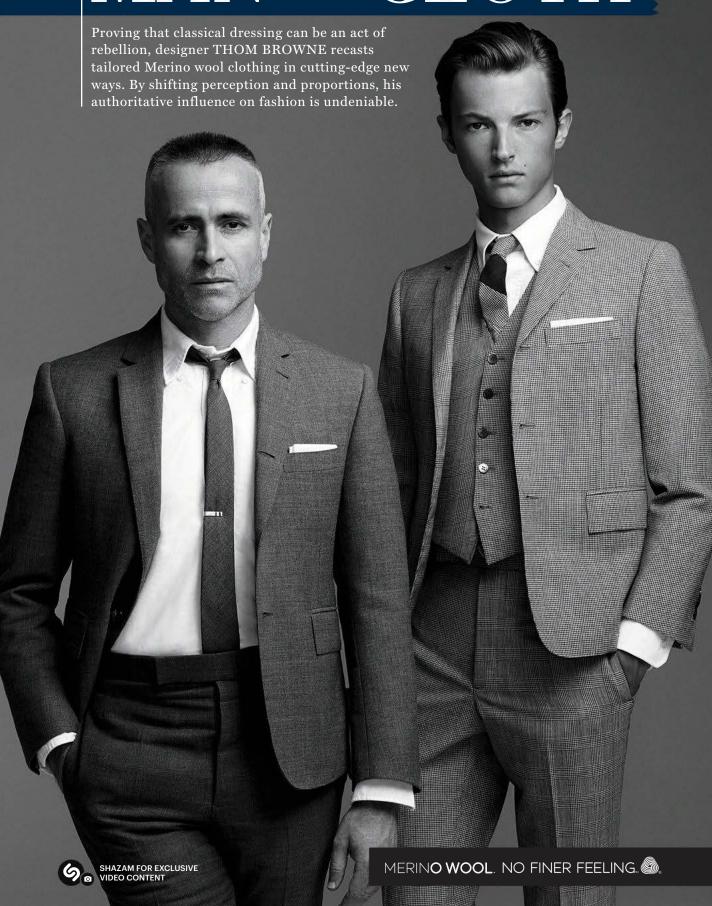
The mid '90s, [gender identity] just wasn't anything to be talked about, and I was a go-getter, I wanted to be top in the corporation, and I couldn't be that being in the position I was in. Being me was a problem, and when I lost my job and went job hunting, as soon as they found out who I was, nobody was trying to give me a job. I never thought I would live beyond the age of thirty-two or thirty-three. Because being trans, living a trans life, is very difficult, and my life has been in danger several times. Although we now see more trans feminine people being killed, if you're identified as any kind of trans, anywhere, and people don't like you, you're going to be killed. We've made tons of strides, but let's not be fooled—we've only broken some of the barriers."

#### Marci Bowers, 57

GYNECOLOGIAL SURGEON IN BURLINGAME, CALIFORNIA; PIONEERING SEXUAL-REASSIGNMENT SURGEON. TRANSITIONED IN 1996.

"I took out extra life insurance when I started doing these surgeries because I had three young kids. We had a bomb threat [where I practiced] in Colorado, and I had this fear that people on the extremes might see us as some sort of threat to society. All the people coming up today, and probably even Caitlyn: She'll probably be a wonderful spokesperson, and she is bringing visibility to the community, but all due respect, if she had done this twelve years ago, I'd have even more respect for her. It was so difficult back then. She and many of the others who come out today, they do so much more easily—they stand on the shoulders of all of us who went earlier. The standard of care in the 1970s. it was like a witness-relocation program. People were forced to divorce, they had to avow themselves to be exclusively heterosexual, and in general people were required to leave their area. In fact, when I went for my second opinion [prior to sexual-reassignment surgery], the doctor was kind of shocked: 'You're gonna leave, aren't you? You need to start over.' This was a psychiatrist who was very well known, and I was just floored. I said, 'No. In fact, I'm gonna stay with my family [a wife and three children].' In my first few years of practice [in Colorado in the early 2000s], I used to have women [patients] who just disappeared and erased everything. People used to burn their own photos, and now I rarely see that—there's family and intimacy support that just wasn't there not very long ago. It's exciting to see all sorts of people proudly standing out, but people often forget history. It wasn't very long ago that Berlin, Germany, was the most liberal place on earth as far as LGBT issues-it's where the modern transgender movement, the world's first transgender surgery, all that happened in pre-World War II Berlin. And when Adolf Hitler came to power, the LGBT community was singled out even before the Jewish community, hence the Pink Triangle. That's my fear: If you fly too high, there can be backlash. I don't think it's gonna happen, though. I'm an optimist." 19

# MAN OF THE CLOTH





uring the recent New York Fashion Week: Men's, designer Thom Browne unveiled a collection of men's tailoring to salute his commitment to American craftsmanship in an office space made entirely out of mirrors. This dramatic vision of the classic Thom Browne wardrobe not only made his 28 looks appear endless, but it also showed his kaleidoscopic genius for reinventing modern-day dress codes.

Seasonal collection themes are famously illustrated by his theatrically inventive presentations, where meticulous attention to detail remains Browne's constant. Key factors emerge: the influential sense of proportion, the consistency of his extraordinary workmanship, and the imaginative use of luxurious fabrics. With the help of the global authority on Merino wool, The Woolmark Company, technically advanced fabrics like Cool Wool bring innovative benefits to Thom Browne's designs.

Starting with his first collection of only five suits, Browne's remake of traditional Merino wool tailoring has become one of fashion's most authoritative messages for over fifteen years. Like his sparkling mirrored office setting, Browne's clever alteration of established codes of taste and style reflect infinite possibilities for his future.

clothing, Browne's reimagined proportions provide just the right amount of cool factor. Esquire Fashion Director Nick Sullivan says, "If you're a fan of tailoring, as Thom clearly is, the only way you can really invert things is to mess with the proportions. Now, of course, those shorter jackets have become the lingua franca of men's style." Even after a



The Woolmark symbol is a Certification mark in many countries

COVER: Cool Wool Prince of Wales funmix jacket (\$1,950), vest (\$1,150), trousers (\$1,190), shirt (\$290), and tie (\$185), wingtip shoe (\$1,200).

All products available through Thom Browne. New York and retailers

For more information about Cool Wool and Merino wool, visit merino.com.

66 I have always used wool suiting materials — not just for their versatility, but also their classic and timeless quality. 33 -THOM BROWNE

decade, Browne's trademark shrunken suits are still as edgy and influential as ever. "I think the most useful lesson to be gleaned from Thom's work is that you don't need endless variety in men's clothes. Provided the pieces you do pick are well cut and well made and from the best materials, you can create a uniform, something dependable." Crafting this modern-day uniform based on conventional dressing is exactly how Browne is able to defy seasonal trends time and time again. "It is important for me to show new ideas that stem from that classic idea in a provocative way. It's about creating an impression and making people think," says Browne.

"Purchasing a well-crafted wool suit is always a good investment," recommends Sullivan. "Sure, there's cashmere and silk and cotton, but they're the alternatives: Wool is the default setting for me. It is robust and luxurious, and it bounces back from any kind of punishment. If looked after, it will outlast any pair of jeans." Using the finest Merino wool fabrics provides the solid base from which Browne's imagination can soar. Browne says, "I have always used wool suiting materials not just for their versatility, but also their classic and timeless quality. Wool inspires me because it is classic to both men's and women's tailoring."

Inspiring talent and encouraging designers is a commitment The Woolmark Company takes very seriously. "They have been very valuable because they've understood what I do and they support fashion designers," says Browne. Sullivan agrees: "The Woolmark Company has been a stalwart defender of creativity in the fashion industry for years, encouraging designers to experiment in ways that are surprisingly edgy."





OPPOSITE TOP RIGHT: Cool Wool frayed edge jacket (\$3,200), trousers (\$2,350), shirt (\$290), tie (\$185), wingtip shoe

ABOVE: Wool twill grey suit (\$2,500), shirt (\$290), tie (\$185).

> All products available through Thom Browne. New York and retailers globally.



66 Woolmark's global projects to expand the fashion industry's awareness of and readiness to use Merino wool have transformed the face of creativity in countless markets. 22 -NICK SULLIVAN

MERINO WOOL. NO FINER FEELING.























#### Open Carry

[continued from page 119] your battles. I say, 'I do pick my battles. It's called right or wrong.' There's no degree, you know? Wrong is wrong, whether it's a little bit of wrong or a lot of wrong. Wrong is wrong."

He's making fun of himself, a little, but it's clear that driving his car into that tree did nothing to shake his confidence in his judgment. The impulse to poke him is irresistible.

How tall are you again?

"Sixty-five inches," he says with another grin. "And it's funny, because a lot of people who meet me say, 'I thought you'd be taller.'"

Maybe if you were taller you'd get into fewer fights.

He laughs. "I think that's one of the reasons why that officer thought he could bully me that day. He thought, 'This little guy is gonna roll over."

Glancing around the room, it's hard not to let an eye fall on all the Jesus pictures and then the AK, the SKS, the Punisher, and the AR-15.

Have you read the Bible?

"I have read the Bible," he says. "Jesus said that if you don't have a sword, sell your cloak and buy one."

He also said to turn the other cheek.

"He also turned over the money changers and drove them out of the temple. That was pretty confrontational."

But the most constant thing is Jesus' kindness. Like the people who forgave Dylann Roof.

"If somebody comes into my church and starts shooting people, does Jesus really want me to just sit there and be killed?" he asks. "Or does he want me to try and save my neighbors?"

He let himself be crucified.

"Well, he had to do that. It was part of the plan."

But there's a reason for the plan.

"There is a reason. It's for forgiveness and the atonement, so when those government officials are abusive to you and you stand up to them, God will forgive them for what they did."

The famous City of Belton Fourth of July Parade in central Texas, a small-town celebration of freedom and revolution and bombs bursting in air, seems like the perfect occasion for a gun rally-there are floats from the Sons of Confederate Veterans, the Maxdale Cowboy Church ("Heading to Greener Pastures"), and the Central Texas Tea Party, which changed its logo from "Taxed enough already" to "Tyrannized enough already." There's even a float from a new indoor shooting range. But they won't let Grisham and his team carry guns in the parade. Insurance, they say.

He hasn't given up. Today he starts at the police station.

"Are you C. J.?" a police officer asks. "I thought you'd be taller."

"Yeah, I get that a lot."

He finds the chief in a briefing room, surrounded by deputies. "How are ya?" he says. "You probably remember me from last year." "Yes, sir."

"I just wanted to touch base. We're gonna have a float, but obviously no handguns or rifles, so you don't have to worry about that. Just prior to the parade, we'll walk down the sidewalks and hand out information, just like every other time."

"No problem," the chief says.

Back on the sidewalk, Grisham and his troops set up a tent and tables for their flyers, chatting about politics and guns. There are babies, a kid in a Batman hat playing a video game, a Latino from South Africa, a disabled man, a kid with a goatee. Big Jim Everard is there to drive the float. All of the adults are armed. "This corner is going to be a criminal-free zone," one jokes. "I don't think any Muslims are gonna come over here," says the Latino.

Walking the parade route, they hand out the flyers. "The flyer talks about what's legal right now," Grisham tells everyone. "If you go to our Web site, it's updated for what will be legal come January 1." He hands them as enthusiastically to blacks as to whites and greets all the veterans with "Welcome home, sir, I'm glad you made it." Some people say no in a forceful way. One says she'll just throw the flyer away. One calls guns stupid. But every third man reaches eagerly. "I follow you on Twitter," one says.

"Are you passing out guns, too?" says

A little boy looks at his AR-15 in awe. "Is that a real gun?"

Halfway up the route, he's out of flyers and having a long, homey chat with the elderly Mervin Walker, the mayor of Weir, Texas. "My grandpa came there in 1893," Walker says, "so he run the town and then my father run the town and I've run it ever since."

"Is your son gonna run it next?"

Walker laughs. "Ain't had but the one daughter, and she lives in Belton-those are my granddaughters with the white boots."

'Course he's carried a gun all his life, Walker says, just like his daddy and his grandpa. "I farmed and ranched and I had lots of cattle. We used to go to that old café in Georgetown every morning about six o'clock, and we had our windows rolled down, and leave our guns in the trucks, loaded, and nobody ever asked us anything."

Grisham lingers too long, listening to Walker talk about the days before factories and war and globalization and this degrading new thing called service industries. Then the parade starts and the floats from black fraternities and businesses-there goes the Illustrious Potentate of the Nubia Templeget the same waves and applause as the Tea Party and the Cowboy Church. Close to the end, there's a float from a porta-potty company that's being pushed by hand.

"Their engine must have crapped out," Grisham says.

Soon he will announce his campaign for

state senator. He's also working on a law degree. He has many goals: get rid of all gun-free zones, make the concealed-carry permit voluntary and cheaper, change the laws to make it easier for people to get their gun rights back after minor nonviolent misdemeanors, and ultimately "Constitutional Carry," in which the only gun restrictions are the ones the founders had when they ratified the Second Amendment in 1791-none.

People keep dropping by the tent. One guy says he likes the element of surprise, and Grisham patiently makes his argument one more time. "From a military standpoint, why do we make it known that we have intercontinental ballistic nukes-because it's a deterrent, right?" A couple men get details on the new open-carry law. A woman introduces her toddler and Grisham digs through his flyers and T-shirts. "Maybe he wants a pen?"

"Bubba, you want a pen?"

The woman is talking about how hard it is to conceal her 9mm in feminine clothing when Bubba interrupts. "I'm a police officer!"

"You're a police officer?" Grisham says. "You're not gonna arrest me, are you?"

Bubba hands him an imaginary ticket.

"Oh, how much do I have to pay?"

Very solemnly, Bubba answers him. "Five." Grisham grins. "I wouldn't mind that. I'd speed everywhere."

As long as Americans are cranky individualists who hate to be told what to do, which is the same as saying "as long as there are Americans," the argument over guns will never end. It's also no accident that Grisham's war for gun rights is happening at the same time as Edward Snowden and the Black Lives Matter movement—there's nothing more bipartisan these days than the fear of a police state. Given all the forms of trauma plaguing our world, even his PTSD points to wider social issues beneath the surface argument, a deeper issue rooted in the physical reality of the gun and the person who holds the gun. So a few days later, Grisham brings his weapons out again, this time for a hands-on lesson.

Different people have different ideas on where you put your cheek, he begins. The Army taught him to keep his nose on the charging handle. That way, your sight picture is always the same. Line the hole in the rear sight with the tip of the front sight until it's halfway through the middle of that hole and it'll kind of disappear. Remember to keep your finger off the trigger assembly. Push in the magazine and give it a little tap to make sure it's in there, then pull back the charging handle until it catches—feel it? Keep going. There you go. "You are now loaded. There's a bullet in the chamber."

He met with his attorney today, he says. His legal bills are more than \$100,000. But this isn't the time to think about that.

Pop. Pop. Pop. Pop. Pop.

He's a patient teacher. When you breathe, he says, think of it as a wave with natural lulls. Shoot during that transition. Eventually you'll get into a pattern, shooting at the

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#### <u>Open Carry</u>

top lull and the bottom lull. That's when you know you're getting good.

But the gun is just a .22; it doesn't have any kick or bang. What's the big thrill?

Then he pulls out the AR-15. "It doesn't have that much kick," he says. "It's just gonna be loud."

The explosions echo, the world narrows. Accuracy was his obsession for a while. In basic training, he used to shoot a happy face onto his targets. Now he's working on reflexive sighting, conditioning himself to bring the weapon up and shoot without looking at the sight. He closes his eyes before pulling the trigger.

"Slow squeeze. It should almost surprise

After a while, he shoots a few rounds himself-fast, without hesitation, like he's just setting the bullets free-and finally we are at the heart of the matter, the strangely intimate relationship between an American and his gun. What is the magic that drives so much controversy? How does it make him feel?

"That's actually a good question," he says, pondering for a moment.

"I guess I don't think, I see. I see the target. And I almost become the gun. It's almost an extension of me. I've got the target, the bullet, everything sort of flows from here and out the firearm. I guess that's the best way to describe it. I don't think about what's going on in the house, I don't hear the birds chirping, I don't hear construction in the background. All I focus on is that target. Yeah, it's a calming thing for me. I don't know why. Maybe it's just the raw power."

Emily comes out and says she's going to the mall and he has to pick up the kids, so Grisham starts packing up his guns. He makes sure each one is loaded before he zips it up. This is supposed to be the most dangerous way to store them, exposing your household to the risk of an accidental shooting, but his guns are always loaded and ready to go. Otherwise, he says, what's the point of having them?

Emily comes out again and says it's time to go, really. "Are you done yet?"

But he's not. Are you supposed to fumble for your bullets in the dark? Or call 911 and wait for someone else to protect you? He was on base during the Fort Hood shooting, and it lasted for eight minutes. Do you know how long eight minutes is? Count the seconds. Better yet, fire that gun. Let's say a magazine has seven bullets and you can load and shoot about four clips a minute. That's 224 bullets. The kids are waiting, Emily says, but he's still not finished. Isn't America supposed to be all about self-reliance? Don't we have a right to be secure in our persons and effects? These are the fundamental questions, he says, and he's not done asking them-until then, for Grisham and for all of us, a normal life is just going to have to wait. 12

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#### **How Not to Die**

[continued from page 129] wife by his side and his temporary catheter attached to his penis, he visited the beach by the hotel near the hospital. All around, he saw here and there other middle-aged men, newly released from the urologic-surgery wing, also sporting catheters and toting urine bags, and he let his mind wander.

How many of them had made the right decision for their treatment?

How many of them were the 15 percent with the life-threatening form of prostate cancer, and how many had acted unnecessarily, or foolishly?

How many had caught their cancer in time, and how many of them, if any of them, would still be around in ten years' time?

And really: Would he ever have an erection again?

Let us look to the future, ever mindful and wary of the past. Although • instances of women electing to undergo prophylactic mastectomies have increased steadily over the past twenty years, and preemptive surgeries tied to colon and thyroid cancers are relatively noncontroversial, prophylactic prostatectomies are virtually nonexistent in the United States. Their potential side effects are considered more complex than those of some of the other surgeries, and the special place that prostate cancer occupies in the medical universe-as something that one dies with rather than from-leaves most doctors firmly against preemptive surgical intervention. Things could change. Per the British surgeon who performed the not-first-ever prophylactic prostatectomy back in 2013, it stands to reason that more men, particularly those who are found to carry the problematic BRCA2 gene, will pursue preventative surgeries in the coming years. "I think men will be slower to adopt the process than women," Barker predicts. "It will take enough patients to actually determine how effective this procedure is, and that is going to take some time." There are many good reasons right now for them to avoid such a course, starting with shaky diagnostic tools, risky surgeries, unpredictable side effects, and the fact that most of them, even if they do develop prostate cancer, would never require the surgery anyway. But there is one good reason for them to consider it, and that is John Yavornik.

Now sixty-six, divorced, and retired, Yavornik lives with his girlfriend in New Mexico and restores old cars in his free time, of which there is a lot. He has experienced no long-term side effects from his surgery; his urinary function returned to normal within a few weeks of his surgery, though he had to wait a full 365 days after his prostatectomy to detect the stirrings of his first postsurgical erection. He thought about calling Krongrad but refrained, and then he thought about putting that and future erections to good use. 19

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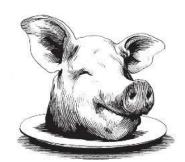
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## **SNOUT TO TAIL**

TONIGHT'S SPECIALS
BY JOE KEOHANE

Hello, folks, welcome to Atavist. My name is Jason, and I'll be your server this evening. As you've probably heard, Chef is very passionate about honoring the whole animal with his cooking. While you're looking at the wine list, I have a few specials to tell you about.

For appetizers, we have a kimchi tripe soup, which is a bit spicy, finished with sriracha and topped with a thin slice of beef tongue, which is fried to a nice crispy texture, and a single dollop of locally sourced headcheese puree.

Next we have Chef's wry take on Cracker Jacks. It's a brown cardboard box full of crispy cod-cheek morsels and deep-fried cod livers drenched in a maple marrow butter and topped with grated, cured cod skin and spider legs.

Also, we have four special entrées this evening. The first is a riff on the classic Roman-style fried artichoke cooked in olive oil and garlic. Only the "artichoke" here is made entirely from Ibérico-pig foreheads, bound together with local clotted lamb fat and dressed with truffle oil, sea salt, and bird blood.

After that are the "Lucky Charms," which Chef is using to hark back to his

humble roots. We start with a "cereal bowl," which is an inverted ox skull crusted with cornflakes, waterproofed with an Ibérico-pig gelée, and filled with "cereal," consisting of escargot, rabbit feet, and diced sautéed giant beak served in broth.

Then we have a cruelty-free organic Hudson Valley sheep's head, which we smoke for eight hours, then we graft a cow face onto it and sear that just long enough to keep it in place. We then stuff the mouth with a whole frog poached in wild-boar milk, bury an ax in its head, spray it with blood, and serve it with fingerling potatoes and a dish of "peanuts," organic salmon livers inside crunchy bird heads.

The final entrée, I have to say, is my personal favorite. Chef calls it "Child's Balloon." It's a venison stomach, which is marinated in goat sweat and crab urine, inflated with rosemary helium, tied off with veal tripe, and served floating a foot above a base fashioned of savory chickenbowel tartare studded with rat cocks and dog hair.

No, I'm sorry, we don't serve tenderloin. Now, can I interest anyone in a cocktail? Our mixologist is extremely passionate about infusion....



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